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T H E

# P R E F A C E

T O T H E

## R E A D E R.

R E A D E R,

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A NEW  
ACADEMY  
OF  
COMPLIMENTS.  
OR, THE  
*Compleat* ENGLISH Secretary.

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*A Letter from a Son to his Father.*

**M**OST honoured Father: By this I let you  
you know, that my Separation from you  
has been very tedious to me: Since the  
distance of place will not permit me to pay my hum-  
ble Duty, and just Acknowledgment of your Love,  
tender Care, and Regard towards me in Person. I  
have made these Lines the Messenger of my willing-  
ness in all Things, to deserve as far as in me lies, such  
Goodness as you have always shewed me; I am con-  
strained to confess, that my Deserts hitherto have  
not merited what you have bestowed on me; but I  
shall be careful to make it the future Business of my  
Life to be double diligent, to perform to the utmost  
of my power, all that shall become an obedient Son,  
to answer the Expectations of so indulgent a Parent,  
and so with my wishes and prayers for your long  
Life and Felicity, I remain, as by the Ties of Na-  
ture bound, *Your most dutiful obedient Son,*

J. C.  
*The*

*The Father's Answer.*

**D**EAR Son, I have received your Letter of the 14th, and am not a little pleased with your Expressions of Duty and Obedience towards me; it is the Joy of a Father to find a Son so acknowledging and sensible of the Benefits and indulgent Care of his Parents, and no less an Encouragement to labour for his Welfare, in which (through the Blessing of God) I shall no ways be wanting: I must confess your absence has been no less tedious to me, than to yourself; but when I consider it is for your Good, I am the more comforted, that it may redound to your greater advantage, and my particular Comfort: it will not be long, I hope, e'er we shall meet, and then I shall satisfy you farther of my intentions for your promotion, which I have already cast in my Mind, and shall not be wanting to further you in your Education, or what else shall be suitable to your Capacity, and redound to your accomplishment and advantage; so with my Blessing, and good Wishes to attend you, I remain,

Your loving and affectionate Father, D.C.

*A Letter from a Daughter to her Mother.*

*Dear Mother,*

**I** Am not a little overjoy'd to hear you are in good Health, for the continuation of which, my Prayers are daily put up to Almighty God, as being conscious in your Welfare, on which my happiness depends; I should have waited on you myself, instead of this Letter, did not urgent affairs detain me; but with the first Opportunity, through the Blessing of God, I shall not fail in Person to acknowledge all the Favours and good Offices you have done me: I am constrain'd in some things of that Nature, to own myself faulty, but hope I shall be more diligent in observing my duty, tho' in my affection towards you, I am persuaded nothing can be mended, seeing they have ne'er strayed from you, even in the strictest Rules. So hoping



ping to hear from you with the first Opportunity, I remain,

*Your most obedient and dutiful Daughter,*

M. R.

*The Mother's Answer.*

**D**AUGHTER, in receiving and reading your Letter of the 20th past, I found what by your Carriage and dutiful Respect you all along professed, to be confirmed, and am constrained to acknowledge myself happy in such a Child, that promises so much to the Consolation of her Parents, to the comforting my declining Years; and tho' you are absent from me, yet the tender Regard I always had for you, continually represents you to my Sight. Your promotion is my Aim, and nothing can please me better than to hear of your advancement. I could in some measure wish indeed you were not separated from me; but in a short Time I doubt not but to see you, to our mutual Contentment and Satisfaction. In the meanwhile I shall study what may most conduce to your Welfare; and herein you may rely, that my Care shall be not wanting, to do whatever my power can compass, to settle you happy in the World with a good Fortune. I know your Modesty and Virtue are of Force sufficient to shield you from the insinuating Temptations of the Age, which too frequently ensnare young Women into Folly, and to rely upon your good Temper, that you may be ruled by me in all Things just and reasonable; I continue to remain,

*Your most affectionate Mother,*

E. R.

*A Letter from an Apprentice, to his Master in the Country.*

S I R,

**S**INCE you enjoined me upon your Departure, this is to let you know how Affairs proceed in your absence. I have thought it highly concern'd my Res-

spect and Care to inform you that all things are well, and go on happily and successfully at Home. I have made it (as in Obligation bound) my Diligence to be watchful and frugal to the advancing your affairs, that at your Return you may find nothing wanting in me. As for Trade, it has been pretty plentiful, considering the times; and I have taken Care of all those matters you left in my Charge, which have proved successful; and of which I shall be able to give you a good Account at your coming back; wherefore, not to be too tedious in writing to you as to particulars, I conclude, subscribing myself,

*Your most respectful diligent*

*Servant, to command,*

B. C.

*The Master's Answer.*

**B**enjamin, I receiv'd your Letter of the 16th past, and am as heretofore confirmed of your Care and Fidelity, which daily increases my Respect towards you, not doubting in the least your Diligence in the Management of my Affairs; which in the end will prove to your Advantage and Reputation, it being ever verified, *That a good-Servant maketh a good Master, and a bad one the contrary.* I shall stay somewhat longer in the Country than I expected, by reason my Chapmen answer not my Expectation. I need not, I think, bid you be diligent till I return, since you are, as I have experienc'd, prone enough to it; by which you have so far gained my Favour and Esteem, that I highly prize your Service. So designing to return as soon as possibly I can conveniently dispatch my Business, I remain,

*Your loving Master,*

T. D.

*A Letter from one Brother to another.*

*Dear Brother,*

**B**Y this I let you know, that being separated from you, the Absence has been tedious, but since I know

knew that it is for your Health, Welfare and Advantage, I'm not so much concern'd as otherwise I should be ; I esteem what occurs to you, equal with what may redound to myself, confirming it in my thoughts as of equal Concernment, not only to me, but to our Family, whose Reputation it behoves us to keep up and augment. Our Friends here are in good Health, and desire to be remembred to you; our Prayers are for your good Health and Welfare, and I hope they will prove successful. If you cannot, by reason of the Urgency of Affairs, let us have the Happiness of embracing you, my Request is, that your Letter may find us as often as you can, and so referring what else my Affections would expresse, till I see you, in all Sincerity and Cordial Affection, I remain,

*Your most loving Brother,*

C. T.

*The Answer.*

*Most loving Brother,*

I Received your Letter of the 20th past, and should think myself very much behind in Gratitude and Affection towards you, if I should not, make as far as in me lies, a suitable Return, we are indeed so near allied, that nothing should reasonably separate us, nor shall any Thing divide our united Hearts, though our Bodies are sometimes at distance, by reason we are born to improve our Talents for each other's Good and Welfare, that it may in the End be the happier Meeting, when we enjoy each other's Company with the greater advantage. I have not I think been remiss in writing to you as often as my Affairs would in any measure give me the least Opportunity, nor shall I forbear to continue such brotherly Correspondence. I am exceeding glad alway to hear of your of your health and happiness, as likewise of all Friends and Relations, to whom I commend my hearty Love and Affection : So in hopes shortly to see you, I remain,

*Your ever loving Brother,* T. T.

*A Letter from one Friend to another.*

*Dear Friend,*

I Cannot but acknowledge the many Obligations you have laid upon me, render me worthy of blame, for not writing to you oftner, but knowing you Goodness will excuse it, when I tell you hurry of Business, and urgency of Affairs have hindred my willingness, and intercede with you to pardon my failure, yet I think so strict are the Bonds of our Friendship, that I need not make an Excuse, knowing the premises considered, I doubt not but your generous good Nature will frame an Excuse for me. All I can desire is, that no envious Person may have power, by scattering false Reports, or any sinister ways, to sow the least Seed of Misunderstanding between us, but that an undisturbed Amity may remain to the end of our Lives; all your Friends with me wish the same, and pray for the continuation of your Health and Well-and moreover, that you may as soon as it stands with your Conveniency, return to us, whose Arms are open to embrace you with all the tender Affections of Love and Friendship that can inspire Mankind; and so taking my Leave at this Time, in hopes of a more near and dear Conversation, I remain,

*Your most affectionate Friend,*

D. R.

*The Answer.*

*Kind Sir, and ever honoured Friend,*

Y Our extraordinary regard of me, tho' unmerited, makes me at a Loss how to retaliate your Respects, which produce more from your Generosity and good Nature, than any thing I could reasonably have merited in your Esteem, to which I solely attribute it, and must make it the future Business of my Life to study by what means I may make a Retaliation. A faithful Friend has in all Ages been accounted a great happiness, and such obliging Friendship as yours must not be slightly passed over; I therefore in  
all

all humble and due acknowledgment, prize it at so high a Value, that I account it my greatest Felicity on this side Heaven, to have so Cordial a Friend, whose faithfulness I have so often experienc'd, and so with my entire Respects to you, and all that wish us well, I remain, as in all the Ties of Obligation and Friendship I am bound,

Your ever cordial and devoted  
Friend to serve,

G. A.

*A Letter from one Sister to another.*

*Ever loving Sister,*

**S**ince your departure, or my being absent from you the Time seems tedious. Methinks the Minutes go slowly on, and the Hours are tedious in coming to an end: Days are Weeks, and Weeks are Months, and Months seem Years, wherefore I must chide you for such delays, tho' I know the pleasures and delights among our Friends and Relations are very recreating to you. I envy not your happiness, but must complain your absence abates that of your Sister's; consider then, we being so nearly knit, should not be long separated for any consideration that may be dispensed withal, however your discretion is a Rule to which I dare not offer to prescribe: Our Friends remember all their love and kindness to you, and as I may say, envy you that happiness that detains you from them; so that if with convenience, and no prejudice to yourself, you can hasten your Return, your Company will be very welcome and acceptable, especially to her, who is,

Your ever loving and affectionate Sister, A. B.

*Dear Sister, The Answer.*

**I** Receiv'd yours of the 24<sup>th</sup> past, and am exceeding sorry that I have given any disturbance or trouble by my absence; I had not staid so long, but at the Importunity of our Friends: Our divertisements and encouragements indeed are very pleasing, and would  
be

be more to me, did you participate of 'em ; however, bein separated from you, abates a great part of my Felicity, and makes me wish I sooner could have had leave to return, but cannot do it at present, without Indecency, which you ever knew my Nature was averse to, but I will do what in me lies to make a speedy Return, when by our long Absence, our Joys will be the more at Meeting ; and so with my Love and kind Respects to you, and all our Friends, I remain,

*Your ever loving Sister,*

M. E.

*A Letter from a Nephew to his Uncle,*

*Most kind, and respectful Uncle,*

**T**HE many Favours and Obligations you laid upon me, constrain me to render you my humble Submission and Respect, ever praying for, and wishing your health and welfare, hoping that you will now daily accept what is in my power to serve you, in retaliation of the many good Offices you have done me. So expecting of your Commands to do what I may to please you in all Things, I remain,

*Your loving and obliging Nephew,*

C. D.

*The Answer.*

*Most Loving Nephew,*

**I** Received your Letter of the 28th past, wherein you express yourself in very obliging Terms, that I cannot but let you know I am sensible of your Respect towards me, and shall know how to value and esteem you accordingly ; I am well satisfied with your Ingenuity and Discretion, and am proud our Family can boast of so ingenious and able a Person. I wish a Blessing to your Studies, and Prosperity in all your Undertakings, and will not fail to do what in me lies, or my Station to further you in all that I may, and countenance your Affairs ; so hoping to see you with the first Opportunity, I continue to be

*Your loving and most affectionate Uncle,*

G. C.

A



*A Letter from one Scholar to another.*

*Loving School-fellow.*

**B**Eing so suddenly called away, I could not rest till I took an Opportunity to write to you, to know how your Affairs prosper, and whether you are in good health; our long familiarity has bound us so secret in the Bands of Amity, that I think there is no reasonable Cause can separate our Friendship. My Desires, as they have ever been, are, that your Happiness may be equal with my own; and as our Pastimes have been recreatory. So I doubt not but when our encreasing Years shall enable us to greater Things, we shall be capable of assisting each other to the utmost of our power, in what we reasonably may; my desire is, that whatever Affairs carry your Mind away, you would at leisure Times think of your Friend, who will at all Times fail not to do the like by you, and so, till it shall be my Happiness to see you, I shall rest in expectation of your Return,

*Your loving Friend and School-fellow,*

A G.

*Dearest Friend,      The Answer.*

**M**Y parting with you, and my Acquaintance, has not been a little tedious to me, but seeing such Things must happen, I must take this sudden Separation for a part of my Unhappiness, which I rather bear with Patience, in consideration, that upon my Return, it will create the more Endearment and reciprocal Affection; indeed, my Company here is very pleasing, but comes short in apprehension of what I enjoyed in your Conversation; rest however contented for my absence, as I will endeavour to do, for my being so unexpectedly taken from you; and I, on my part, will labour as much as in me lies, to get loose, and hasten my Return. Communicate my intire Respects and Affection to all our Associates, and tell 'em, it shall not be long before I shall do it myself in another Nature, and so-wishing you all Merriment imaginable, I subscribe myself,

*Your loving Friend and School-fellow,*

A. B.

*A Letter from one Gentlewoman to another.**Dear Madam,*

**I** Have taken the first Opportunity to make this Letter the Messenger of my Respects, and humble acknowledgment of the Favours I have receiv'd from you many Ways, especially as to my Improvement in your Conversation. I think our Friendship is such, that I need not enforce myself for Compliments, were I capable of any such Thing, my good Wishes always attend you; and if any Thing be in my power that you please to command, there shall be nothing wanting on my part for to serve you, and I shall not be a little proud to employ myself to the utmost, in what may in the least oblige you; all our Friends here are in good health, and nothing afflicts me but your absence, which I for my part, must confess to be very tedious. But knowing your discretion great, I cannot excuse you for taking yourself from us; being so well satisfied, that it is not a little matter that detains you: I know not whether it may be Love, but if so, I am satisfied, your prudence, in a Choice suitable to your Merit, will direct you for the best, and I dare not presume to direct you; however, my Wishes are, that all your Undertakings may succeed to the height of Felicity; and to say I wish you happiness in any Thing inferior to my own, I think I should be highly to blame; nay, rather in Friendship I admit a Degree beyond, and had rather undergo a Misfortune, and the like should besal myself, than my Friend: But hoping whatever you undertake, may be advantageous to your future Repose, I take Leave to subscribe myself,

*Your most affectionate Friend,  
and humble Servant,*

A. G.

*The*

*The Answer.**My dear Friend,*

**Y**OU made me blush upon the perusal of your Letter of the 20th past, you need not to have expressed yourself in such obliging Terms, seeing you cannot but be confident, I am assured of your Affection towards me. I am not at this Time in doubt of your Friendship, nor insensible of what I owe to your Goodness; you have at sundry Times given me undeniable instances of your Cordial Affection, in doing the many good Offices, which I in Gratitude acknowledge to proceed from your innate Goodness. Our Friends here wish and pray for your health, and a prosperous Success in all your humble Servants, that Fortune strikes it with Industry and Ingenuity, so favourable to advance you according to your Merits, and so in Confidence, nothing shall be able in this Life, to sunder this Band of Amity and Friendship knit between us, I remain,

Your inseparable Friend to serve you,

E. R.

*A Letter from one Gentleman to another.**Most honoured, and my ever worthy Friend,*

**S**Hould I forget to make my Letters the Messengers of my kind Respects to, and high Esteem and Value for you, I might justly be censured for my Neglect, and my real Protestations of Friendship might seem to favour of Flattery, wherefore, since in Generosity, I am thus constrain'd to trouble you, I hope you will take it in good part, and what I express as the reality of my Meaning. I am confirmed you are generous and noble, in conserving the actions of a Friend to the best advantage, and therefore I rely upon your Goodness to excuse my Defect, wherein I have been any ways wanting to oblige and serve you,

or

or excuse my Failing, as your Discretion directs. I have to my Power, performed those Commands you laid upon me at our last Interview, and am now, with some Impatience, expecting to know what I may be further serviceable to you in, and being once informed, my readiness shou'd speak my willingness to oblige you, as far as my poor Abilities are capable of acting on your Behalf, and so in Expectation of a few Lines at your Leisure, I remain,

*Your most humble devoted  
Friend and Servant,*

C. D.

*The Answer.*

**S**Hould I not return you a suitable respect to your Character, you might, dear Friend, suppose me behind hand with you in Courtesy and Friendship, but no Business, or any Affair, however so urgent, shall delay me from the Remembrance of one that sits so near my Heart; Reason and Justice, as well as Love and Friendship, commands me to return you all the obliging acknowledgments of a cordial Friend, which I have ever found in the greatest Emergencies. When flattering Profferers, dreading the nipping Colds of Adversity, have taken Wing, and fled to a warmer and more promising Climate. I am not this Day ignorant of the Obligation you have laid upon me, nor shall be slow, like the greater part of the ungrateful World, in some measure, to retaliate the good Offices you've done me; but above all, my Endeavours shall be to imitate your matchless Friendship: I might mention many particulars, but knowing you are ignorant of them, I shall not at this Time be tedious to you, referring what more I intend to say, till our happy meeting, which I trust will now be speedily, seeing those Affairs I conceived most difficult, prove easier than I expected, and are in a fair way of being brought to a good Conclusion. Have me heartily recom-

recommended to all Friends and Relations, which on our Part, shall not be neglected by him, who is,

*Your most respectful and obliging Friend,*

D. T.

*A Letter from a Wife to her absent Husband:*

*My dear loving Husband,*

**Y**OUR Absence has been so tedious to me, that I have been constrained to complain of it, and must chide you a little, if not tax you with Unkindness. You very well know, that a Love and Affection like mine, cannot without imputing it an Injury, brook so much Delay; hasten then your Affairs; or what if some trivial matters were left to another Opportunity, or to be compleated by another Hand, I think it might rather be dispensed with than our Separation. However, in the mean while, I shall not fail for your Advantage, to bear it on my part, as well as I can; yet am compelled to say, I have never before in the whole Course of my Life concluded the Hours more tedious; blame me not my Dear, for those fond Expressions, seeing my Love and Affection towards you is so uncommon, that I cannot help it. Your Affairs go on prosperously at Home, and my Care is not wanting, hasten then, and cure my Impatience to see you, and my Arms shall be open to receive you, as the great Pledge of my Happiness on this Side the Grave; and so expecting you will fulfil my Request and earnest Desire, with all convenient Speed, I remain,

*Your most affectionate and loving Wife,*

A. M.

*The Husband's kind Answer,*

*Kind Wife,*

**I** Received your Letter of the 30th past, and am not a little concerned that my Affairs have long detained me from you, however, be patient, since the Joy

Joy of my absence at our meeting will be more transporting. Some Things have not answer'd my expectation, or my stay had been shorter ; however it is come almost to a Period ; be not troubled then, but compose your Mind to Calmness. I am very well satisfied your Affections towards me are not of an ordinary degree ; but Business you know must be minded, and sometimes we must dispense with extraordinary Passions, lest by neglect, the advantage may slip by, that cannot be recalled : I do not flatter, if I confess that I am no ways behind hand in my Love and entire Affection towards so good a Wife ; yet Reason ought to rule the sober and discreet, not at all times to cherish an extravagant Fondness, that breaks out often into Folly ; it will not be long before I shall be with you, and tell you how ill I brook'd your absence ; so I subscribe myself,

*Your very loving Husband,*

P. M.

*A Letter of Advice from a Mother to a Daughter, in making a good Choice.*

*Daughter,*

Seeing you are come to Years of Maturity ; that is, to a Woman's Estate, and absent from me, I find myself obliged to add to the rest of my Instructions and good admonitions, one caution more, in which, if you are not very circumspect, your Life may be made miserable, though all Things at present promise to render it happy : I am not ignorant that your Person, and the Breeding bestowed upon you, can be long without temptations to Marriage, against any yielding of another Nature. I am persuaded your Nirtue is proof, and so I shall not insist to caution you that way, but a Husband is one with whom you, when married, must spend your Days perhaps in Weal or Woe : Be not then over credulous, suddenly to believe all that is proposed or said, but be circumspect



pect in all things tending thereto ; believe not your self, for Love is many times blind, but take the Advice of those you confide in, that are disinterested in the Matter, and try as far as Modesty will admit, every Temper and Humour of the Party ; and pry, when he least suspects it, as well as you can into his very Imaginations, which by his Gestures and Actions may in some Measure be penetrated ; and when all this is done, if you find him a suitable Fortune, and of complacent Humour, ingenious and industrious, then may you hope for a happy Choice, and all things promise you many happy Days ; this I have thought fit in such a Juncture to lay down as a Precept, whereupon you may, if you discreetly manage it, found your future Tranquility ; and so I remain, in hopes of your Obedience to my reasonable Commands,

*Your loving and careful Mother,*

A. N.

*The Daughter's Answer.*

*Dear Mother,*

**I** Have received your Letter, and in all humble Duty, acknowledge your care and watchfulness over me, for my Good and Welfare, and shall ever conclude myself not only disobedient, but very ungrateful, should I not deeply ponder in my Mind, my Obligation of Love and strict Conformity to your Pleasure, by the Ties of Nature, as well as the many other Favours and Indulgences, that have accrued to me all along by your tender Goodness : I doubt not, but by the Blessing of God, enabling my Will and Affection, I shall always persevere in such Ways as may be pleasing to you, and particularly to the good Counsel and Advice you have given me, about the alteration of my Condition, when I shall find an Inclination to Marriage. I am not so young, as I am ignorant of the crafty Snares of sundry Kinds, Men lay to entrap and betray the innocency of our Sex, and

and could name some Examples of their perfidiousness, when they have got their Ends and Desires, but to pass them over for Brevity's sake, I shall only assure you, I shall entertain nothing of this kind, without your Privy and Advice: Your Approbation succeeds with my Wish; and so with my Prayers to Almighty God for the Continuation of your Health and Happiness, I subscribe myself,

*Your most dutiful and  
most obedient Daughter,*  
E. N.

*A Letter from a Seaman's Wife, to her Husband on Board.*

*My Dear Honey,*

**E**Ver since our parting, you may well conclude I have been restless and uneasy; for how can a Wife be otherwise, whose Love is fix'd like mine? Then as she thinks of the Danger her beloved Husband must necessarily, upon many Occasions, be exposed to; when Storms arise, I tremble for fear of a Shipwreck, for each crack of Thunder seems to me as the roaring of Cannons; nor can I easily reckon up my particular Fears, they are so many; nor the Prayers I put up for your Safety, and happy Return. I know Affairs will detain you from me some time, but I repine not so much at that, as I dread the Hazards you run upon the Ocean; nor do I doubt, but (as soon as with Convenience 'tis possible) you will hasten to me, when with open Arms of Joy, I shall be ready to receive and embrace you; and in the mean while, be as diligent as I can, to provide for all Things suitable to both our Interests, that at our Meeting every Thing may prove to our Satisfaction; and so recommending you to the Protection of Al-

mighty

mighty God, and wishing a good Voyage, and your Return, as soon as possible may, I remain,

*Your loving, and ever  
affectionate Wife,*

M. A.

*The Sailor's Answer.*

*My Dear,*

I Received your Letter, and am extremely glad to hear that our Separation has not altered our Affection, that we continue the same absent as present, though not in such a Degree of Fruition or Enjoyment, which is so great a pleasure to me, that it makes all difficulties and dangers that threaten from Seas, Skies, and Enemies, seem little; my absence from you is the most that presses upon my Mind, to make me any ways concern'd, but since it may prove in the End advantageous to us both, I shall bear it with more patience: I do not at all despair, but that my Undertaking will be prosperous and successful, not only to me, but to the Benefit of my Country: However, let Providence order Things as it pleases; let this be your Comfort, that to the last Moment of my Life, I will not cease to be,

*Your most constant, and  
loving Husband,*

D. A.

*A Letter of Consolation to a Gentleman, upon the Death  
of his Wife.*

S I R,

I Cannot be so far forgetful of our Friendship, as not upon so solemn an Occasion to share with you in the Grief that has seized you, upon the Loss of so good and virtuous a Wife; it indeed afflicts me very sensibly, that two Persons so well joined, should so soon be parted, and that a cold and senseless Grave should embrace her whom you entirely loved; but it is the chance of a fading Life, and frail Mortality,  
early

early or late, to fall into the Dust, from whence we were taken: Be comforted then, since it is the hand of Heaven that has made this unwilling Divorce, let it be your Consolation, that she lived such a Life as might not render her afraid of Death, and that her good Name survives her; but above all that, being taken from the Cares and Troubles of this Life, she is removed to a better, where, one Day, you will (no doubt) meet her in a Fruition of Happiness, never to be parted; where you, instead of momentary Joys, and those too with some mixture of Sadness, shall have an endless unmixed Felicity, never more to be separated. Let these Considerations moderate your Grief, and settle your Mind, to forego for a Time, what you in all probability will find again with so large an addition of Happiness: so, in hopes this may add somewhat towards the restraining your Grief for so great a Loss, I am obliged by all the Ties of Friendship, to subscribe myself a Fellow-feeler and Partner of your Sufferings, not only in this, but in all other Matters.

A. G.

*The Answer.**Most obliging Friend,*

**Y**OUR Letter came timely to me as a Cordial to revive my Spirits, and allay in some measure those Waves of Sorrow, that beat upon so great a Loss, and as you have well hinted, could not but bring with it a great Affliction. Had it been any thing but so good a Wife had been taken from me I could have lightly passed it over, but to be unexpectedly divided from the dear Co-partner of my Joys, must needs go near to my heart; nor is it the least obligation to have so faithful a Friend as you, to sympathize with me in my Grief, which I shall labour to moderate as well as I can. That she lived a virtuous Life, and made a pious End, is a great Comfort and Pleasure to me, as having no Scruple, but that she

is more happy beyond all Sorrow, Affliction, or Care of this Life: And it shall be my endeavour to follow her Example, that (as you will alledge) we may meet once more, never to part again, If your Letter has brought me this Comfort, your Conversation would do much more; but leaving these to your Discretion, and the Dispensation of your Affairs, I heartily subscribe myself,

Your constant, and ever  
obiging Friend,  
W. D.

*A Letter of Consolation to a Widow, upon the Death  
of her Husband.*

Dear Madam,

**H**AVING heard of your Loss, and that you are in a mourning State, I can do no less than condole with you, and become a Partner in your Sorrow; such a Loss cannot but raise a Storm of Grief in the most sedate Mind: But yet, (if we rightly consider) the greatest Afflictions are to be born with as much Patience as Reason can guide us to, seeing no Sorrow, but what proceeds from a true Contrition of Sin, is available. We're taken out of this troublesome World many times, as a Rescue from Evil to come; and if happy Souls have any Knowledge in the other World, of our Actions in this, it cannot but make them think, that our grieving for their departure from the Incumbrance of the Flesh, and consequently Troubles and Vexations, is an envying the Happiness they enjoy. It was usual for the Antients to weep when their Children were born, in Consideration of the Troubles they were to endure in the Business of their Life, and to rejoice when they went out of it, for their being freed from the Inconveniences they would have suffered, had they lived longer: I confess the Rule is changed with us, since a natural Compassion will flow from our Eyes and Hearts, when we are

B

nearly

nearly touch'd by the sensible Loss of a near Relation ; yet if we look up to those who gave the Blessing, we ought not to repine at the Providence that takes it from us ; and moreover, there may yet be left a Blessing in Store for you ; so hoping you will moderate your Sorrow, and rest contented for the Loss of what cannot be recovered in this World, but may undoubtedly in the next ; I crave Leave to subscribe myself,

*Your cordial Friend and Servant,*

L. C.

*The Answer.*

S I R,

**I** Am very sensible of your Respect towards me, and doubt not but you are afflicted for my Loss ; however, I cannot conceive any one to be so sensible of it, as myself, it coming nearer my Heart than any other ; my Grief will not permit me to enlarge upon the Subject : However, I return you Thanks for your good Instructions, and shall not altogether be unmindful of them, yet cannot consent to remain insensible of the Loss of so kind a Husband, whose Memory I am resolved to conserve to the Period of my Days. So in Tears, which prevents my writing more here. I remain,

*Your Friend and Servant,*

A. G.

*A Letter to a Chapman.*

**M**R. B. according to your Order, I have taken Care to get the Thing mention'd in your Letter in a Readiness, affording them as cheap as possible I can : You must expect Goods are not all Times at a Price, since it is apparent to Traders that they frequently rise on a sudden, by reason of a Scarcity, Losses at Sea, and the like ; but so it mostly happens, that if any Commodities are fallen low, Customers are very willing to rise, though it cannot be otherwise afforded, which makes some im-

pose



on ; use on their Chapmen, especially in the Country,  
we and keep them always at a certain Price ; you will  
s it ay, when you receive the Parcels from me, you are  
le- sed kindly, if you enquire how the Rates go ; So  
rate expecting your Directions how I may further serve  
hat you, I remain,

bt- Your loving Friend, and  
self, every humble Servant,

H. W.

C. A Letter from a Factor beyond the Seas, to his Corres-  
pondent in England.

Worthy Sir,

I Have made it my Business here to be diligent in  
your Affairs, which has not been without Success.  
I have bought up all such Commodities as I conceived  
would turn to the greatest Advantage, but had not  
Effects here to make sufficient Payment, wherefore I  
have been constrained to draw some Bills upon you,  
payable as by the Bills and Letters of Advice you  
will find, which will soon come to your Hands ; I  
have seen the Goods on Board, and no doubt but  
they will safely arrive without any Damage, pray let  
me have your further Orders by the first Opportuni-  
ty, how I shall dispose of the Cargo. I now expect  
that I may have Time to prepare for the Buying up  
such Things as they will answer, and withal let me  
know how Commodities go with you, that I may  
manage my Affairs to the best Advantage, that so in  
Hopes I shall answer your Expectation in every thing,  
I take leave to subscribe myself,

Your humble Servant,

G. L.

A Letter from a Tenant to his Landlord.

S I R,

BY this Letter, I humbly crave leave to acquaint  
you, that this Year I have had a very bad Crop,  
which has so little answered my Expectations, that

I hope you will in some Measure consider my Loss, and be so favourable in some Abatements, that I may be able to support it ; it would however look unseemly in me to doubt your Generosity ; wherefore relying upon your Temper, I submit the rest to your good Nature, having sent you what at present I am able to raise ; and hoping this may give you an Earnest of my honest Meaning, I shall take Care, with the first convenient Opportunity to wait upon you, and to your more ample Satisfaction, that I am,

*Your honest, and ever humble Servant,*

A. C.

*A Letter from a Maid Servant to her absent Fellow-Servant.*

*Dear Betty,*

I Could not forbear but take the first Opportunity to write to you, that I might by a Line or two from you be informed of your Health and Welfare ; and must chide you withal, for leaving us upon so slight a taking Leave : It may be you design to be married, and not to return to our Family again, but indeed if you put that Game upon us, without giving Notice, I shall take Occasion to be very angry ; so hoping we shall have Notice before-hand, if you intend any such Thing, or shortly to return to us as good a Maid as you left us, I continue to remain,

*Your ever loving Fellow-Servant,*

A. D.

*A Letter to persuade one to Marry.*

YOU know very well (my dear Susan) that I have wished you well, and my longing Desires are to see you happily bestowed on a Husband, it is the only Way you can take to be settled in the World, and secure against the ill Tongues of bad People : If you have not placed your Fancy already, I doubt not

not but I can recommend one to you, of whom, if you do make Choice, there is no fear but you will live comfortably in the World ; and so I take leave to subscribe myself,

*Your most humble Servant,*

G. W.

*A Citizen's Complaint to a Country Gentlewoman.*

*Madam,*

**W**ERE you sensible of the Fervency of my Affections, and with what intolerable Anguish I undergo the Burden of my Passion, I do not question but your Goodness will vouchsafe to consider my Distress, and quietly grant some Relief to your endeared Lover, who hath vowed to be your true and faithful Servant, even till Death shall deprive me of the Devotion due to yourself, and I am made incapable of admiring your Beauty, which above all the World is most delectable to mine Eye. I implore you, *Dear Madam*, not to misconstrue the Time and real Meaning of my unfeigned Affection, which if your Favour please once to try, I doubt not, but that you will acquiesce with me in this Point ; and conclude with me, that I am of all Lovers the most affectionate, burning with desire of Enjoyment of that, which is only left to your disposal. I mean that inestimable Gem of your Affection, which if you hold at so high a Rate, from me your afflicted Servant, I shall be bound to accurse the Hour I saw your divine Beauty, and doubtless pass out, of this Live in a Hurricane of Sighs, to that sweet *Elixirum*, which after the Tyrant of impenetrable Beauties only gives to broken-hearted Lovers, some Drams of Comfort to heal their love-wounded Souls. Therefore, if any tender Pity lodges in that snowy Breast, be pleased (by a kind Answer) to allay the Storms of

my raging Passion, and for ever make him happy,  
who subscribes himself,

*Yours beyond Expression,*

J. B.

*The Gentlewoman's Answer.*

SIR,

I Have very often heard of that which now you have manifested sufficiently, by the Smoothness and Sweetness of your amorous Dialect, which tho' it may seem prevalent enough in your Mind to carry on your pretended Suit; yet it is not of such Power as to rob me of my Virgin Liberty, or bereave me of my Senses so far as to confide in the Shadow of your Complemental Discourse. As for the Title of Madam, which you so freely bestow on me; did you but know how acceptable it is to me, you would have let Mistress have served in the Room, and better had you pleased me too; for we that live a Rural Life, are not so fond of Court Language, or Titles of your City Dames, whose Gentility consists chiefly in Bravery and Courtship; but as to your Suit, I desire you to desist, for I am not yet disposed to alter my Condition; but if I were I should be more difficult in my Choice, than to suffer my Senses to be captivated by a few fair Pretences, with which you Citizens are so frequent, that I fear many of my Sex have long e'er this, repented their Credulity. Pray trouble me no more with your unnecessary Paper Visits, but conclude yourself, 'tis all in vain for you to strive to win that Fort, whose Heart hath proved unpregnable, notwithstanding the violent Assault of several Assailants; I have no more at present, but thank you for your Love, if it be real, and acknowledge myself unworthy of those commendable Applauses you have bestowed upon me, who as yet subscribe myself a perfect Libertine, absolutely free from Cupid's Tyranny.

M. G.

*The*

*The Seaman's sorrowful Parting with his dear Love.**Dearer to me than Life itself,*

**C**ould my faltering Tongue express the Sorrow of my bleeding Heart, that now must be compell'd to leave thee, and expose myself to the Hazard of the Sea, and the uncertain Fortune of War, which though both have proved very fatal to Thousands, yet the greatest of my Fear is, lest thou that art the Joy of my Heart, the Comfort of my Soul, should'st in my Absence, in any Measure miscarry, or make thy Life uncomfortable, by suggesting of what Evil may befall him, who is so perfectly thine, that he cannot say his Soul is his own; for in thy Happiness rests my Bliss; and should the least ill Fortune attend thee (except this of my Absence) it would unavoidably prove my Ruin: But since the Divine Powers were so kind as to bring us together, and make such a Union in our Hearts, that nothing but unwelcome Death can separate, why should we doubt of that Blessing, which hath attended Thousands, so link'd in Amity, that nothing in this World could separate? Let us then hope for the best, that a Time may come to complete these Joys, that cannot be perfected but by the nuptial Ceremony, which I hope, will inseparably unite us at my Return, to the Satisfaction of our Souls, and fulfilling the Law of our King and Country. In the mean Time, my Dearest, rest free from all Jealousies and Fears, which only help to augment thy Disquietness, who are the very unwelcome Companions to a rational Body. So think not my Voyage tedious, nor my Absence long, for at my Return, I freely will put a Period to my own Discontent, and hope to furnish thee with such a Stock of Joy and Comfort, that may never decrease nor change. In the mean time rest certain

of my unchangeable Love, and assure yourself, that  
I am, and will be, *Yours, to serve, love, and  
honour, till Death.* R. L.

*The Seaman's Love's Answer.*

*My Dearest,*

**T**H E Thoughts of thy sudden departure, doth so exceedingly afflict my Love-wounded Soul, that I want Words to express the Sorrow I conceive, lest the Raging Seas should swallow up my Hopes, and what I dearly prize. Oh ! that the Smiles of Heaven would so hang over my Head, as to equalize my Happiness with theirs, who, before we were in the like distress, yet met with such happy Fate as to have their Joys redoubled, by the safe and happy Return of their dear Loves, which if ever I live to see, will make me the happiest of all my Sex. Oh ! that my loving Wishes might fill the Sail, and that my Prayers might conduct thee safely into thy desired Haven ; that, in the End, I might be blest with that which would be more acceptable to me than the Possession of the whole Universe : 'Till then I shall take no Rest ; till then all Pleasures will seem but Pains ; and without thee, I shall be a Creature without a Soul, for in thy Sight is the Compass of my Felicity, and in thy Absence, I shall be deprived of all Comfort. Oh, consider with thyself, my Dear, that in the Ship thou carriest with thee, is the richest Freight that ever was exported from this our Island ; and should it miscarry, the World would be robbed of the Pattern of Loyalty. Oh ! dispatch and return, that my Adventure with thee may produce such Advantage to me, as may be more acceptable to me than all the Riches of both *Indies* ; I mean the Enjoyment of thy dear self, which alone can make me happy, and if otherwise I shall be of all Creatures, most unfortunately miserable, and I shall languish in the depth of despair : Let not one Minute



note pass in the whole Voyage, without thinking on thy poor Dear, who, hath vowed, in spite of all Opposition, to be thine for ever.

C. S.

*A Complimental Discourse between a young Man and a Maid at a chance Meeting.*

*Man.* **G**OOD morrow, Mistress.

*Maid.* **G**ood morrow to you, Sir.

*Man.* Think it not strange (Mistress) I should speak the Truth, and tell you, that I have a long Time been broiling in the Flames of my ardent Affection towards your dear self, and never had the Opportunity or Happiness to discover my Love before this Time; with which I hope Fortune hath favoured me for a good End.

*Maid.* You talk very merrily, Sir.

*Man.* I am so far from merry Discourse, that if I thought you accounted it Mirth, it would absolutely break my Heart.

*Maid.* Mens Hearts are not so soon broke.

*Man.* Have you never heard of any that died for Love?

*Maid.* Some of my own Sex.

*Man.* And no Men?

*Maid.* Men seldom love at that Rate.

*Man.* But 'tis too true that I do, and if you do not consider my Passion, woe is me for ever.

*Maid.* O Sir, this will not do with me.

*Man.* The harder is my Fortune, for I do not pretend one Syllable more than Reality.

*Maid.* If I thought so, then ———

*Man.* What then, my Dear?

*Maid.* Perhaps I could love you.

*Man.* Never doubt it, my Dearest; for I swear by all that's good, my Affection is entire, free from all manner of Deceit, and there can be nothing more

troublesome to me, than to think that thou should'st question it.

*Maid.* I can do no less than doubt it.

*Man.* Why so, dear Heart ?

*Maid.* Because 'tis so often seen that young Men prove faithless, and have no sooner gained their desired End, but their Affections grow cold, their Minds change, and they clearly forget what they before had vowed and swore to.

*Man.* The more is the Pity, but my Affection is without Blemish ; and I hate the Thoughts of Disloyalty.

*Maid.* Others have said so too.

*Man.* Ay, may be so.

*Maid.* Ay, and proved as false as they pretended to be true.

*Man.* But, dear Mistress, dost thou think all false of our Sex ?

*Maid.* No, but 'tis hard trusting.

*Man.* Never let such Thoughts possess your Breast ; for if ever Man proved faithful from the Creation, I will take Pattern by him : I will feast thee with Kisses, till I have persuaded thee to believe my Reality ; nay, if thou dost persist in thy Incredulity, I to win thee from that erroneous Principle, will engage my Heart to thee, by all the Vows and Obligations that ever Love intended, for the Confirmation of unspotted Affection.

*Maid.* Well, thou seemest to be real, and thou may'st prove so ; then why should I so much doubt thee, I cannot tell ; now thou hast almost conquered me, prove but as faithful as I will be constant, and we may both be happy in each other.

*Man.* Now thou hast comforted my drooping Spirits, I am thine, thou art mine I hope for ever.

*Some amorous Speeches between Doll  
and Robin.*

*Robin.* A H Doll, I love thee.

*Doll.* How shall I know that ?

*Robin.* As I hope to be kick'd that's true, and methinks, I never saw a better Platter-face than thine in my Life.

*Doll.* Ah, is this your Courting ?

*Ro.* Nay, be not angry, for I swear by my Ingenuity 'tis true.

*Doll.* What, that I have a Platter-face ?

*Ro.* Ay, and a brave one too.

*Doll.* I think thou art a *Robin* by Nature as well as by Name.

*Ro.* Why, if I did not take you for a Fool, I could not think you could love me, for I am as Lanthorn-jaw'd as you are Platter-fac'd, but yet perhaps we may have lovely Babes, when we come together, if we can but tell how to get them.

*Doll.* Nay, now I am quite out of Favour with thee, for if thou canst not tell how to get Children, what should I do with thee ?

*Ro.* How the Devil should I know, thou silly Whore ? But I believe I can quickly learn.

*Doll.* Away Booby, I hate such Fools, for I know that myself.

*Ro.* Why, if one of us know it, it is well enough.

*Doll.* No, no, it shall never be said that I'll marry such an Ignoramus, that knows not how to get Children.

*Ro.* Ignoramus ; why then I shall be a brave Fellow for a Jury-man.

*Doll.* Hangman is fitter for thee than a Jury-man.

*Robin.* I thought they had been both one, for I have heard some say, it is the Jury which hangs or saves Men.

*Doll.* Go, go, thou art a meer Novice.

*Robin.* A Novice ; what's that ?

*Doll.* A Fool.

*Robin.* So much the better for that then.

*Doll.* Why so ?

*Robin.* Because Fools have good Tools.

*Doll.* And what are they they the better for them, if they cannot tell how to use them ?

*Robin.* But I told you that I would quickly learn.

*Doll.* But I won't be troubled to teach.

*Robin.* Then I'll go home, and get my Mother to learn me.

*Doll.* O wicked Rogue !

*Robin.* Hey day ! What am I ? Ignoramus, Fool, and a Rogue too, go hang yourself, for I will not have you now.

*Doll.* We are very well agreed. Farewel *Robin.*

*Here follows a Discourse between an Old Man and a Young Woman.*

*Old Man.* **A**LL hail, fair Mistress ! at the first Sight of your enamorous Beauty, methought I felt such a pretty kind of a warm Desire enter in the cold Lodging of my poor Heart, that to myself, methought my Years decreased, and thereupon became as amorous of your Youth and Virtue as if I had been but twenty Years old.

*Young Woman.* Alas ! Sir, is it to me you direct your Speech ? What moves you to this Folly, as to think a young Creature as I am can so much as think of coming into your frozen Bed, there to be tantalized

lized with your Chitterling ! Pray forbear, and insist no longer on this Point, for it is ready to make me vomit to think upon it.

*Old M.* Nay, be not so coy neither, for I suppose, what you find fault with hath pleased others, as well as you can expect to be pleased ; and why do you call that Chitterling which you know nothing of ?

*Young W.* 'Tis easy to be believed by your Looks that you are a declining, old, and feeble Man, fitter to be nursed up by some antient Body, than to be coupled to a brisk young Lass, that will expect more from you in one Night than you can do in two Years.

*Old M.* Why ! I will do my Endeavour.

*Young W.* And what will that be worth ? I had rather have a lusty thundering young Lad without a Penny, than such an old doating feeble Fellow, that can scarce hear himself Part.

*Old M.* Nay, do not despise Age at such a Rate.

*Young W.* I do not despise it in any other Sense than this, I mean, of being coupled to a Man so unfit for a Damsel's Bed.

*Old M.* Well, I see it is in vain, I must give my Suit over.

*Young W.* Ay, best of all ; but as we met merrily, so let us part.

*A Dialogue between a Country Man and a City Dame.*

*Country* **M**istress, I am but newly come to *London*, but here I find such Variety of Beauties, that makes me admire ; but above all that I have yet met with, in my Mind, you greatly excel.

*City.* Pray, Sir, bestow your Jeers upon your Intimates ; it is not genteel to abuse or affront Strangers.

*Country.*

*Country.* Believe me Mistress, I am none of those, though I received my Education in the Country, yet in some measure I understand Civility, and would not by any means give you occasion to think me so rude as to pretend any Thing more than I intend.

*City.* Sir, you speak as if you were one of us here, but if not, you will in a little Time be accomplished with the City Customs, and be a great Proficient in the Art of Wooing

*Country.* Could you teach me the Art of Wooing as you have the Art of Loving, then, Dear Madam, I should be in some Hopes of compassing my Desires, which is only the Enjoyment of your dear self, in whose sweet Society I should reap such Comforts, that it would sing a Requiem to my Soul, and should account myself the most happy.

*For let me speak Truth, your charming Eye,  
Soon brought my Heart unto Captivity :  
And if you do my humble Suit refuse,  
All Hopes of Comfort I shall surely lose.*

*City.* Sir, Your Dialect renders you no Stranger to Ingenuity, nor yet Poetry, for you have your Answers so ready, that I cannot but applaud you, and your Virtues so at Command, that there is not many in the Country can outvie you, in my Opinion; and truly, Sir, you have almost persuaded me to begin to think on Love, which I have as yet been a Stranger to, but now methinks I feel a kind of a pleasing Pain, that bids me condescend to that which I was loth to stoop to.

*But yet if Love doth feed such gentle Fire,  
And fills the longing Breast with warm Desire,  
That never proves less pleasant than is mine,  
O then to Love I will my Heart resign.*

*Poes.*



*Poesies for Rings, or any other Devices, both pleasant  
and profitable.*

**D**EAR Love of mine, My Heart is thine.  
Our happy Love, Heav'n does approve.  
What does us join, Is Power divine.  
Whilst Life doth last, My Love is chaste.  
Thou hast my Heart, It cannot start.  
Tis you alone, I'll have, or none.  
A Kiss at least, Will make me blest  
In a good Hour, We found Love's Pow'r,  
Be not afraid, The Match is made.  
Whilst Death me strike, None else I'll like.  
I'll constant be, For ever to thee.  
Deny me not, Thou art my Lot.  
Say no more, The Bargain's o'er.  
Forget not me, When this you see.  
Providence, Is our Inheritance.  
Still bear in Mind, How I was kind.  
A Love like mine, Must ever shine.  
The blest above, So joy in Love.  
This is a Joy, None can destroy.  
Time cannot waste, A Love so chaste.  
Heaven smiles on us, To see us thus.  
The Love in store, On thee I'll pour.  
My loving Bride, I'll never chide.  
'Tis true that we, Will e'er agree.  
No Jealousy, Shall come us nigh.  
In Righteousness, The Lord doth bless.  
At the first Sight, You won me quite.  
Your Heart give me, Mine I'll give thee.  
To your fair Hand, This I commend.  
What you exprest, Doth make me blest.  
No Grief can stay, Where Love doth play.  
Never to part, Here take my Heart.  
'Tis you that have, The Power to save.

If you me scorn, I am forlorn.  
 If you frown, Death strikes me down.  
 If you smile, My Woes recoil.  
 Your Will shall be, A Law to me.  
 There's nothing more, Than I adore.  
 It may be said, I liv'd a Maid.  
 Heaven blefs the Man, I smile upon.  
 'Tis too unjust, To break my Trust.  
 Let me not thrive, When false I prove.

*Instructions and Stiles, or, Titles suitable to be used by  
 all that indite Letters, and other Matters of Note.  
 It may happen that you have Occasion to write to  
 Persons of Quality, and if you know not how to  
 superscribe your Letters by the proper Appellations  
 or Titles of Honour, you will be at a great Loss;  
 wherefore I have affixed the following Directions.*

**T**O the King, Sir ; otherwise, May it please  
 your Majesty ; or, Dread Sovereign.

To the Queen, Madam ; or, May it please your  
 Majesty.

To the Prince, Sir ; or, May it please your Royal  
 Highness.

To a Princess, Madam ; or, May it please your  
 Royal Highness.

To a Duke, my Lord ; or, May it please your  
 Grace.

To a Dutchess, Madam ; or, May it please your  
 Grace.

To a Marquis, my Lord, or, May it please your  
 Lordship.

To a Marchioness, Madam ; or, May it please your  
 Ladyship.

To an Earl, my Lord ; or otherwise, Right Ho-  
 nourable.

To a Countess, Madam, or, Right Honourable

To

To a Viscount and his Lady, the same again.

To a Baron, My Lord ; or, May it please your Lordship.

To a Baroness, Madam ; or, May it please your Ladyship.

To all Ladies and Gentlewomen indifferently, Madam ; or Mistress, &c. as you know the Qualities distinguished.

To a Knight Baronet, or Knight, Sir ; or, Right Worshipful.

To an Esquire, Sir ; or, May it please your Worship.

To an Archbishop, Right Reverend ; or, May it please your Grace.

To other Bishops, Most Reverend.

To a Doctor of Divinity, Reverend Doctor, &c.

Among Equals and Familiars you may use your Discretion without Ceremony, or as the Matter you write about requires ; and no further, that when near an Inch Distance between the Supercription, or first Line of your Letter, and that which follows it, dating it at the Top, tho' when you write to your Equals, date it at the Bottom on the Left Hand.

For ending of the Letters to any Noble Person, conclude, Your Grace's most humble and devoted Servant ; or, Your ever obliging Servant to command. And so the others

To Parents, Your most dutiful and obedient Son, &c.

To other Kindred, Most loving and affectionate, &c. or, Your obliging Friend and Servant.

And all indifferent, Your very humble Servant.

Exam-

*Examples for external or outward Superscriptions, commonly called Directions of Letters, as they refer to Persons of different Qualities to the sending.*

**T**O the King, otherwise, To the King's most excellent Majesty.

To the Queen's most excellent Majesty, for the Prince, or Princess, To his or her Royal Highness, and so for the rest, as before, only parting (To) for May it please your, &c. only you must name the Titles or Dignities, as, To the Right Honourable the Marquis of C. and so of the rest, as the Dignities require.

*Note,* That every Privy Councillor is stiled Right Honourable, though not a Nobleman: Ambassadors, or Generals of Armies, are stiled Excellencies, as likewise is the Lord Deputy of Ireland. Colonel is stiled Honourable. The Lord-Mayor of London, during his Mayoralty, Right Honourable. The Sheriffs, Right Worshipful. The Aldermen, Worshipful. All who have been Mayors of Towns, Masters of Companies or Corporations by the King's Charter, are afterwards Esquires, and so generally accepted. To ordinary Friends, Relations and Correspondents, subscribe To Mr *John*, For Mrs. *Elizabeth* such a one naming their Surnames, and the Place of their Abode, observing never to mention Kindred or Relations in the Title, or outward Superscription of your Letter, lest you be laughed at, even by the *Post-Boy*; as many times as those are that write, *This with Care and Speed*, as if it would make the Horse go faster.

As to the making up Letters, they are various, and Fancy best pleases, but the square Way is the best to prevent tearing in the Seal's being opened; and in your Indicting, let all your Words be modest, and not run into any high-flown Extravagancy of Compliment.

pliments or Expressions, for that Kind of Writing, by the Judicious, is looked upon as exposing your Parts in Hopes of Praise or vain Glory : And by the Ignorant, tho' admired, yet not understood. You have several Examples of Letters never before in Print, by which you may be enabled to compile others, suitable to any reasonable Business.

*Fit and apt Expressions on sundry Occasions, for the Ornament and Advancement of Speech, such as may be most taking and pleasing to either Sex.*

T O M E N.

SIR, I am the most happy of all Men, in having the Honour to serve a Person of your Worth and Quality ; one so deserving, that there is no greater Felicity to me on this side Heaven, than your Conversation.

Kind Sir, I return you my most unfeigned Acknowledgment for the Favours I have received at your Hands, hoping it will in some Measure be in my Power to render you signal Thanks, and a more suitable Requital.

Ever Honoured Sir, What lies in me to serve you, freely command, and nothing shall be wanting that is within the Compass of my Power to oblige you.

Sir, Since it is my Happiness thus accidentally to meet you, I can do no less than pay my Respects to you in the most obliging Manner.

Dear Friend, I am overjoy'd at your Happiness, and intirely wish and pray for a long and prosperous Continuance of it.

Kind Sir, I am extreamly happy in the Favour you do me in this Visit.

Sir,

Sir, I owe Obedience to your Command, and am impatient till I am informed by you, in what I may serve you.

In earnest, Sir, I do acknowledge myself bound to your Goodness, and shall make it my Study to retaliate so great a Liberality, as far as it lies in my Power.

In the Bond of Friendship, I conjure you to make Use of me in what lies in my Power to serve you.

Loving Friend, I makes my Happiness increase to see you thrive and prosper in the World.

Sir, I am ever your humble Servant to obey your Command.

*Suitable Expressions in obliging Terms, to Women of sundry Qualities.*

**M** Adam, You have laid so many Obligations on me, that I know not how, without your Instructions, to retaliate them.

Kind Madam, Your obliging good Nature has chained me to your Interest.

Fair Lady, Your Charms are so powerful, that in spite of all Resistance, they have made my Heart your Prisoner.

Madam, As you are fair and beautiful, exceeding all others, so be generous and merciful to him that is your Slave.

Dear Mrs. E. I have a long time waited in vain for a Smile from your fair Lips, and instead of it, have met with Frowns: Oh, be more kind, or less fair.

Most worthy Mrs. C. Accept the Service a Lover renders you, when he bestows himself and all his Fortunes.



Sweet *Jenny*, Look upon me with melting Eyes, and tell me, will you be mine, to make me happy? Pray, Madam, Command me in what you please, that my Readiness to serve you may prove my Obedience.

Sweet Lady, Your Virtues have so strangely taken up my Meditations, that therein they increase and multiply in abundant Felicity.

Pretty Mrs. *Mary*, What shall I say more than I have done, to make you understand how much I love you.

Honest *Jane*, In good earnest I have a Month's Mind to you; and if you will have me, tell me so, and then I will prepare for our Wedding against next Sunday.

Come *Nancy*, Be not so coy, you know I have loved you long, and am, and ever shall remain, your humble Servant, to please you in all Things.

## To the READER.

Reader,

**F**OR the Benefit and Advantage of either Sex was this Treatise compiled, containing Matters both pleasant and profitable, which I hope will prove to the Satisfaction of such as peruse it, and prove instrumental to encourage Youth to learn such Things as may tend to their Accomplishments, and render them capable of modest Behaviour, and to demean themselves in all Companies, &c. To which is added, The newest Instructions for Carving of Fish, Flesh, Fowl, &c. Also the Signification of Moles, and the Interpretation of Dreams, as you will find at large in the following Pages.

R U L E S

# RULES of Civility, or, The Art of Good-Breeding.

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## CHAP. I,

### *Advice to Parents and Children.*

**W**HEN Parents are blessed with Children, which are given as Pledges of Heaven's peculiar Favour, there is a Duty incumbent on them to be careful in bringing them up, so that they may neither dishonour God, nor them; to prevent which, there is no better Measures to be taken, than to exact an early Obedience; not by Severity, or Over-fondness, for neither of them prevail as they ought; but a middle Promotion, such a Way as is most suitable to their Temper and Inclination. For Severity stupifies Youth; or by hating, it renders the Party obstinate: And too much Fondness causes Disregard and Contempt. Now that middle Way proposed, is by keeping them at an awful Distance; so that in Time, being made sensible to whom (next Heaven) they owe their Being, they may be grounded in their Duty; and pay that Respect and Reverence that becomes them: Considering that no Disobedient Child ever prospered; and rightly weighing, that they never can return full Satisfaction for the Labour, Trouble, Care and Cost the Parents continually bestow; for Tendernefs and Fears that frequently possess them; and the hard Shifts that are commonly made for their Maintenance and Support, in bringing them up in the World, and providing such Education, as may qualify them for Business,

ness, Employment, or genteel Carriage; but to perfect this on either hand, there is no readier Way than to bring them up in the Fear of God, which is the Beginning of all true Wisdom.

And thus in brief, to your Parents; what else remains, their own Abilities will supply, whilst I proceed to give Advice unto Youth, in the Spring-Tide of their Days:

## C H A P. II.

*Advice to Youth; Or, Directions about Good Breeding and Civil Behaviour.*

**A** Young Man having passed the tender Follies of Childhood, trained up in Obedience to his Superiours, Governours, and Parents, must consider, that nothing can grace him more, or render him more accomplish'd than good Manners, and civil Behaviour, grounded upon Virtue; nothing, I say, can gain greater Credit among Men; and these are to be attained divers Ways: As first, by Learning, Secondly, By Example. Thirdly, By Education, and Fourthly, By good Natural Parts, and Moral Virtue. By good Manners is meant a comely decent Carriage; and in this Case it behoves the Youth (that would be accounted and esteemed an accomplished Person) to stand uncovered before his Parents and Superiours, not sit unless commanded, and then not presently, nor longer than is necessary; nor in any wise to be full of Speech, nor to interrupt any one in their Discourse, being cautious to answer, unless spoken to, or that his Affairs require it. He must refrain to stare full in the Face of any Person in his Company, unless he hold Discourse with him, and then he must in no wise be over-fond of his own Argument, but submit to a Judgment: And if he discourse with his Superiours, it is seemly to bend now and then, in token of Humility, or sub-

submitting unto them, as wiser and more knowing than thyself; courteous to all, and behave himself proudly towards none; never forgetting to honour Learning and Old Age. He must likewise be endued with a generous Pity, and be Master, (as much as possible) of his Passions, especially he must avoid Anger and Hatred, be free from Malice, and study of Revenge, carrying himself courteous, affable, and with a mild and winning Behaviour towards either Sex.

*And so a good Repute you'll gain,  
For such a Virtue Envy cannot stain.*

### C H A P. III.

*The newest Instructions for Carving Flesh, Fish, Fowl, &c. The Terms of Art used therein; and how to know the best and most acceptable Pieces, in order to present them to any particular Friend, or any Person of Quality, &c. The curious Art and Mystery of Carving Fish, Flesh, and Fowl. and other Dainties, after the Decent, Modish, and Courty Manner, &c.*

**T**O be accounted a curious Carver, the Parties must not only be provided with good Knives, Forks, &c. but bring their Hands and Arms, by Practice, to such a Nimbleness and Dexterity, as may take away Tediousness in the Undertaking, which above all Things prove troublesome to the Guest, and ought to be avoided.

The next Thing to be considered, is to proceed in this Affair, with much Neatness and cleanly Management, having Plate, Napkins, &c. ever at hand, to prevent an Indecency, &c.

These

These Rules observed, we now proceed to give Directions in the best and most approved Method, *viz.*

The Terms in Carving, whereby the Directions may be understood are these, *viz.* Underjoint a Bittern; display a Crane; disfigure a Peacock, and Hen; dismember a Hern; unbrace a Mullard; unlace a Coney; bard a Lobster, teme a Crab; break a Deer; wing a Partridge; thing a Woodcock; rear a Goose; list a Swan; truss a Chick; disjoint a Quarter of Lamb, Loin of Veal, or any Butcher's Meat; chine a Salmon; sauce a Tench; splay a Bream; side a Hopdock, tusk a Barbel; leach a Coller of Brawn. And in cutting up small Birds, the properest way is to say, thigh them: To Larks, Pigeons, Blackbirds, Woodcocks, &c.

These being the Terms, we in the next place come to the Practice.

To unbrace a Mullard, Teal, Duck, or Wigeon, having fixed your Fork advantageously, turn the Point of your Knife under the Wings, and raise them, but take them not off: Do the like to the Legs; raise likewise the Merry Thought, and lace down the Breast, so that any of them may be taken off with Ease, and at desire.

To rear a Goose, take off the Thigh and Belly-piece; open the Wing, take off the Merry-thought, and lace down the Breast about a Thumb's Breadth, in sundry Lacings, from each side the Breast Bone.

To cut up a Turkey, Bustard, or Capon, raise the Legs, open the Joints with the point of your Knife, take them not off, but lace down the Breast, raising the Wings, and taking off the Merry Thought.

To list a Swan. Pass your Knife through the Breast, and then proceed to do so by the Back, laying her in Halves in the Dish, then cut the Side downwards.

To lace a Coney or Hare. Take off the Shoulders and Legs, pass the Knife down the Sides, chine here at the Shoulders, in the Middle, and upon the Huntsman's Piece.

To chine a Salmon. Pass your Knife down the Back, divide the Jole, make your middle pieces, and lay the Tail entire.

To leach Brawn is no better than cutting it into clever Slices.

All Butcher's Meat must be fairly jointed ; to do which, you must keep your Eye and your Mind upon the Joint ; that (so your Knife slipping in by so evident a Direction) you may with ease take off the Piece you intend, and present it at the End of your Fork.

As for Tarts, Custards, &c. you may cut them up cleverly, and make your Presentments at the Point of your Knife, or on a Plate, &c.

## CH A P. V,

*The best Pieces for choice Friends, which they are, &c.*

THE best and most acceptable Pieces are the Wings of all Wild Fowl, and the Legs of all Tame Fowl, the middle Part of a Coney or Hare. That between the Head and middle Piece of any Fish, the fat Piece turned out in the Middle of a Haunch of Venison ; the Piece under the Handle of a Shoulder of Mutton, Lamb, Veal, or Venison ; the little Bone on the Bend of a Leg of Lamb or Mutton ; the fleshy inside, or fat and lean of a Sirloin, or any such like Piece of Beef : The Nut or fat piece in the middle of a Loin of Veal ; the Claw of a Crab ; the Tail of a Lobster ; the Nut under the Ear of a Calve's or Lamb's Head ; the round Piece in the middle of a *Westphalia* Ham, or Neat's Tongue

and



and of all Pyes, Tarts, &c. that are coveted ; the most convenient Corner ; and by this Observation you may reach to the Perfection of any other Thing of this Kind, gaining Credit and Reputation thereby.

## C H A P. V.

*Complimental Rules to accomplish Gentlemen in accosting or addressing themselves.*

**T**H E next Thing to be observed, are the Accomplishments of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, Dancing, and the like ; but to give Rules for these would be too tedious in this Place ; wherefore I shall only shew you how he ought to behave himself upon his Entrance into a Company, or upon an accidental meeting in the Street ; and in this Case, the Qualities of Persons are to be considered ; but I shall propose it in general ; If your Youth enter into a Room, his approaching those he intends to pay his Respects to, he must do his Reverence at a convenient Distance, that he bow with his Hat in his Right Hand, and then advancing three Steps traverse wise, and by degrees approach the Party ; and if there be more than one, he must salute them severally ; if Man, by a genteel Embrace, in pressing the left Side with his right Arm ; if Woman, a proffer'd Salute, if not a real one ; and then the Impression ought rather to be made upon the Cheek, than the Lips. As for Compliments in such like accosting, these may serve in many Cases.

Sir, I am the humblest of your Servants.

Sir, I am transported with the Happiness I promise myself in your good Company.

Sir, the Honour you do me is beyond Expression.

Madam, this Blessing is beyond Expectation.

Dear Madam, I am yours to command in Life and Death.

Lady, How great is my Happiness in having access to your Presence.

## CH A P. VI.

### *Advice to young Virgins and Gentlewomen.*

**A** Virgin being arrived at Maturity, sufficient to understand herself as she ought, the first Thing considerable to render her accomplished, is Modesty, the only Guard of her Reputation; for if any of the softer Sex renounce that, and lightly esteem it, they open a way to their Ruin, and the best Accomplishment is thereby destroyed, for that's the chief Virtue that proclaims our Native Innocence, and an Ornament that ought to be held in great Esteem; wherefore a Virgin endowed with this, must observe to manage it to her Advantage: First, she must be humble and meek, not given to much Laughing and childish Toying; her Mirth ought to be harmless and innocent, she must refrain herself from much Talk, and avoid those that talk idle: When at any time she discourses with Men, she must look a little downwards, or on one Side, not stare in their Faces, lest it be interpreted in the worst Sense; her Carriage must be demure, but not with too much Reservedness, lest it be taken for Pride; her words ought to be few, and those well considered, and well weigh'd before deliver'd: If any offer to salute her, she must rather retire than advance: To all Superiors she must give place, as likewise Respect to her Inferiors, seldom or never suffering herself to be idle, lest her Weakness should give way to wanton Thoughts (learning for her better accomplishments) such curious Arts, as are con-  
cordant

cordant with her Sex In her going, she must observe to keep her Body upright and even; her Feet within Compass, moving directly forward. When she enters any Company, she must courtesy thrice in her approach, bending first backwards, and then bearing forward, bear up, and pay her Respects in some quaint Compliment, if to a Woman; but if to Men, Silence is the best, unless she be asked any Question: And in this Case (to furnish such as are unprovided) the following Expressions may serve, or such like as are suitable.

Madam, I am your Ladyship's most affectionate Servant.

Madam, I am an Honourer, I wish I could say, an Imitator of your Virtues.

Madam, I wish you all Health and Happiness.

Madam, I wish you all Joy and Prosperity.

Madam, I bless the moment that gave me Opportunity to enjoy your Company, &c.

Having thus far briefly discoursed, the next Thing convenient, will be to give our young Gentleman some insight in Behaviour, relating to Courtship,

*Which may perhaps to his Advantage prove,  
And help him in the Art of making Love.*

## C H A P. VII.

*Advice to Youth in the Art of Courtship, and making Love.*

**W**HEN a young Gentleman, or any other, has found the Conqueress of his affection, one that he can entirely love, let him not rudely accost her if she be a Virgin, lest his good meaning be taken in evil part, and his unadvised Rashness be a means to frustrate his designs, but rather try her

at a distance, with Presents, and a Complimental Letter, not penn'd to the Height of Extravagance, and be deliver'd up by some trusty Female Hand, that has an Interest in her Affections, and can mould her into a good Humour, though a Winter Storm sits on her Brow; these at first, ten to one, she will refuse, alledging she knows not the Man, and why should she receive Things from a 'Stranger, who has no Reason to bestow them; and perhaps in a pretended Pet, will order them to be return'd, but withal gave charge that the matter may be so ordered, that he be not altogether discouraged; for it may be (says she) he may deserve a better Fortune than myself; then it is his Business to walk before her Window, or watch her going abroad, that she may have a perfect Sight of him, which commonly creates a liking Love; whereupon a second attempt being made, she consents to an Interview, though upon his Visit she pretends to know nothing of the matter, and protests that she is not for Marriage: Yet cannot be so rude as to deny a civil Gentleman a friendly Entertainment; though if our Youngster can read the Language of her Eyes, he will find them speak another Dialect. And if he makes his Address frequent (though not too early or too late, lest he surprize her un-array'd, or detain her from her Rest, both which will give distaste, and make her froward and peevish) the Game is his own; yet by the way, he must have a Care he set not too great a Value upon her Beauty, lest she grow proud, and conceit herself more than Woman. If the Attack be made upon a Widow, there is no way after the Ice is once broke, like Importunity and Resolution, (in spite of all Resistance) not to be denied, to haunt her like her Shadow, and fill her Ears with Themes of Love, settled with a few scatter'd Protestations, is the only way to make her secure. And since a Letter in both Cases may not prove

prove amiss, I shall insert a Copy that may indifferently serve.

*Dear Madam,*

**S**INCE I had the Happiness to see you, I have been very desirous of a greater Happiness, which is to be admitted a few Minutes into your Presence, that I may tell you how much I love you, whose Beauty, and whose Virtues are so many and so rare, that all Mankind must necessarily do the same : Yet surely none can have a boundless Love like mine, who sleeping or waking, fancies your bright Idea represents itself ; a Trifle I have sent you as a Present, hoping it will find Acceptance, tho' I could have wished myself to have been the Bearer ; however, hoping it may find a happy Entertainment, it will exalt his drooping Thoughts, who is,

*Your most affectionate, and most*

*obedient Servant to command.*

J. C.

*And thus you see the Train of Love is laid,  
For subtle Widows, or a bashful Maid.*





The most Exact and Approved  
FORTUNE-TELLER;

As to what relates to good or bad Fortune in either Sex, especially to Maids, Widows, Widowers, and Batchelors.

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*Signs of speedy Marriages, and good Success attending it, by sundry Signs.*

1. **F**OR a Woman to have the first and last Letter of her Christian Name, the same with the Man's Sirname that makes Love to her, denotes a great Union, and a generous Love.

2. For a Man to have the first and last Letter of his Christian Name with the Woman's Sirname, denotes the same.

3. To think upon a party upon a sudden walking without any Meditation, on a *Friday* Morning, that before had a place in the Affection of Man or Woman, is a demonstration of Love or extraordinary Friendship.

4. If a Ring accidentally fall off a Man's Finger, that is under no Obligation of Marriage, and runs directly to the Feet of a Maid or Widow, it denotes not only he is in Love with the Party, but that a sudden Marriage will ensue.

5. The singing of a Robin-red-breast at your window in the Time of Courtship, on a *Wednesday*, is a Sign you shall have the Party desired.

6. If



6. If walking abroad with your Sweet-heart, you perceive a pair of Pigeons circle you round, it is a Sign of Marriage and Happiness to ensue, with much Content.

If a Hare cross you on a *Saturday* Morning ; it promises happy Days, Riches and Pleasure.

*Signs to chuse Husbands and good Wives.*

1. **I**F the party be of a ruddy Complexion, high and full Nosed, his Eyebrows bending Arch-wise, his Eyes standing full, of a black and lively Colour ; it denotes him good-natur'd, ingenious, and born to good Fortune ; and the like in a Woman, if born under the Planet *Jupiter*.

2. If the party be phlegmatick, lean, and of a dusky Complexion, given much to musing and melancholy ; beware of such a one, of what Sex soever.

3. An indifferent wide Mouth, and full Cheeks, smooth Forehead, little Ears, dark brown Hair, and a Chin proportionable to the Face is very promising.

4. An extraordinary long Chin, with the under Lip larger than the upper, signifies a cross grain'd Person, fit for little Business, yet given to Folly.

5. A long Nose in a Man, and a little Mouth in a Woman, signifies neither can be deceived in their Marriage Expectation.

6. A well set broad Chin in a Man, his Face being round, and not too great, and a Dimple or Dint in a Woman's Cheek or Chin, denotes they will come together, and live happily.

*Several*

*Several Characters or Semblances of Letters, and Lines in the Hand, as they tend to signify Riches, Honour, long Life, Marriage, short Life, Poverty, Loss, Number of Wives, Children, Sicknes, untimely Death, and many other Things, according to the Art of Palmistry, &c.*

**T** Here are in this Case divers Letters and Lines appearing in the Hand, by which the Wise of all Ages have given Judgment in the foregoing Premises.

If the Character A be found in the Mount of *Jupiter*, or at the Root of the middle Finger, it promiseth a growing Fortune, and perhaps considerable Preferments by the Favour of Princes and great Men.

If a B be found on the Mount of the Sun, which is at the Root of the Finger, it signifies length of Days, Prosperity, and much to be believed; as also a virtuous Person.

If C with a Star over it, appear on the Mount of *Venus*, it gives the Person early and happy Marriage, promises many Children, and a merry Life.

If the Letter L be on the Mount of *Saturn*, which is at the Root of the middle Finger, and cut with cross Lines, it denotes the Party to undergo much Afflictions, to be given up to melancholy, and to be but short liv'd, &c.

The Letter K upon the Mount of *Mercury*, which is at the Root of the little Finger, denotes the Party to rise to Preferment by Ingenuity and Marriage.

The Letter D on the Mount of the Moon, denotes the Party to be kind, good natur'd, and much belov'd.

The Letter G in the Plain of *Mars*, near the Line of Life, speaks the Party to be of a violent Temper, given up to Anger, and threatens him or her with sudden untimely Death; however to a Woman it promises a Husband that grows great in military Affairs: And thus much for the Characters of this kind.

*Liner*

*Lines in the Hand, the Signification, relating to Love, Marriage, Business, and the like.*

**I**F the Table Line be broad, fair, and well coloured, it signifies the Party (if a Man) will have two Wives; if a Woman, as many Husbands.

If the Line of Life extend itself from the Foot of the Fore-Finger, to the Mount of the Moon, or the Brawn of the Hand, then it denotes long Life; but if it be but short, and divided by many Crosses, the contrary.

If the Girdle of *Venus*, which reaches from the Out side of the Hand, to the Root of the middle-Finger, be fair and well proportioned, and not cut or divided by cross Lines, the Party is promised extraordinary Advantages by Marriage; Several little Crosses upon the Liver Line, which runs directly thro' the Hand, denotes Sicknes, and an unhealthy Constitution; but if it be fair and clear, it signifies Health and long Life.

If little direct Lines come from the Root of the Finger, they signify a Woman to have two Husbands, and to Man Riches and Preferment.

If they have three large Lines on the Joint of the Wrist, it denotes easy Child-bearing, and subject to Miscarriages.

If the Nails of the Hand be transparent, red, long, and of a fair Complexion, it is a Sign of Health and long Life; but if cloudy, dark, or of a leady Colour, the contrary.

If a Line break towards the fore or middle Finger End blunt, it betokens Riches and Preferment to Men; and to Women, kind Husbands.

If there happen a Cut or Separation between the two last Fingers, it denotes Loss, if not Ruin to the Party, by Commerce or Law-suits; and thus much for their Signification.

*Short*

*Short Instructions for calculating Nativities, and knowing good or bad Fortunes thereby,*

**I**N this Case, to know the Day and Hour of the Birth, the Planets, as they decline or predominate in the Constitution, are to be observed, and here we find the *Moon* predominant over the phlegmatick : *Jupiter* over the Sanguine ; *Mars* over the Cholerick ; and *Saturn* over the Melancholy ; *Mercury* temperates Melancholy, *Venus* the phlegmatick ; and the Sun (as the great Arbitrator) temperates all ; and so according to the Constitution of the Body, we find the Planets Lords of the Ascendant in the Nativities.

*How Nativities are to be managed in their Calculations.*

**I**N this Case, having observed by the Complexion of Lineaments, what Planet was Lord of Ascendant at the Nativity, observe by the Rule of Art, how the Planet operates more or less, and if no difficulty appears therein, the Party either he or she, born in the first House of the Sign of the Zodiack, whereunto the Planet relates, of which take a Taste. If the Party be white and fair complexion'd, the Nose considerable long, the Hair flaxen, the Eye-brows thick, the Eyes bright and shining, then *Venus* being in the first part of *Taurus*, and that being found to be in the first House of the Planets, proposing your Question, having well considered the Month, Day, and Hour of the Ascendant, even to the Minute, and nothing, whether it be in the House of Life, which is the first, or the House of Indignities, being the tenth, or the House of Sicknes, &c. And the Figure being erected from hence ; knowing the exact Time, you may give Judgment in Love, Honour, Riches, Preferment, Fortune, or Misfortune of any Kind, and what may happen from Time to Time.

*The*

*The Wheel of Fortune, and what is meant by it.*

**W**HEN any desire to know a Question, state any Number not exceeding Thirty, to that let the Number of the Day be added, and the first Letter of your Name, and the Letter perhaps may prove a literal Figure, and let the Number be divided by Three, and if the Division come even, then expect a good Issue of what you require, whether relating to Love, Business, or the like; but if broken and odd, then the Success will be bad, if not altogether unfortunate.

*Another Way of Trial.*

**H**AVING *Pythagoras's* Wheel before you, to know whether you shall marry the party you desire, take the Christian and Surname, and add thereto the Number of the Planets, and Days of the Week, and joining them into one Number, divide them, and if the Number fall in the upper part of the Wheel, it is fortunate; but if in the lower part, no Success: And thus you may proceed in case of Riches, Honour, taking a Journey, Pleasure, Sicknes, Health, and many other Things too tedious here to be mentioned.

*Several Queries resolved in Matters of Love and Business, by throwing a Die, or pricking at a Figure, after the Rules of this following Table.*

A	2	3	4	5	6
B	2	3	4	5	6
C	2	3	4	5	6
D	2	3	4	5	6
E	2	3	4	5	6

**W**HAT Number you throw go to that, or else what Number or Letter you prick upon, they being cover'd with a piece of Paper, through which you must prick.

*As to what kind of a Husband a Widow or Maid  
shall have.*

**A** Handsome Youth before you'll have,  
Brown hair'd, high Nose, he'll keep thee brave.

2. A Man unto thy Lot will fall,  
Strait, but neither short nor tall.

3. An honest Tradesman is thy Lot,  
When he proffers, slight him not,

4. Fair, ruddy, bushy hair'd is thy Love,  
He'll keep thee well, and call thee still his Dove.

5. A Widower, tho' rich, thou'lt marry,  
You for a Husband won't long tarry.

6. Proper and gay will be the Min,  
That will thee wed, my pretty Nan.

*Whether a Maid shall have him she loves.*

**B**E not too coy, he is your own,  
But through delay he may be gone.

2. He of your wishes does not know,  
He'd soon comply if it were so.

3. Come, set thy Heart at rest I say,  
He will but plunder, and away.

4. Fear not, thy Neighbour is the Man,  
And he will have thee, if he can.

5. Show him more kindness, he will speak,  
His Heart with Silence else will break.

6. Sigh thou no more, he does relent,  
And his Inconstancy repent.

*How many Husbands you may expect, &c.*

**C**ome, in the Town thou first shall wed,  
A Stranger next shall grace thy Bed.

2. With one well lov'd thy Life will be,  
And happy Days in Marriage see.

3. The Stars three Husbands do presage,  
And thou shalt die in good old Age.

4. Wed



4. Wed thou betimes, or else I fear  
Thou wilt not for wedlock care
5. Too much pride will make thee tarry,  
Yet after all that, thou shalt marry.
- 6 Accept the Ring thy Love doth give,  
For long in wedlock he'll not live.

*Whether it is best to marry or not.*

**D** Fear not, thy Hu band will be kind,  
And it is one shall please thy mind.

2. If he be of Complexion fair,  
For thee that Man I do prepare.
3. Come, never fear, it will be well,  
Or say I can no Fortune tell.
4. Pray lose no Time, for if you do,  
Age will come on, and you will rue.
5. If this match slip, you may long stay,  
Then take kind Will without delay.
6. *Cupid* commands thee now to do't,  
Then prithee make no more dispute.

*Queries about Fortunate Days.*

**E** On *Monday* indifferent are,  
Yet the Event bids you beware.

- 2 On *Tuesday* cruel *Mars* does reign,  
Beware of Strife, lest Blows you gain.
  - 3 On *Wednesday* witty projects make,  
For *Mercury* the Rule does speak.
  - 4 Mild *Jove* rules *Thursday*, do not fear,  
'Tis prosperous throughout the Year.
  5. Fair *Venus* *Friday* does approve,  
And on that Day does prosper Love.
  - 6 *Saturn* the next doth rule, beware,  
And take in Hand no great Affair.
- Lattly, *Sol* rules, whose golden Aspect shows,  
He all Things mildly does to good dispose.

*Joyful*

## Joyful Tydings to the Female Sex :

O R,

## Good News to Young Men and Maids.

*Good News for Maidens : Oh, Now or never for handsome Husbands, and the surest Methods they are to take for obtaining them.*

**I**N this Case it is but reasonable, pretty Maidens, we should first take care of you, and provide for your wants, seeing yours are the greatest, never having tasted of the Comforts and Refreshments of Love in a matrimonial way ; tho' I doubt not but some of you have had very pleasant Dreams, that have given you a prospect of some Shadow, a Feeling of the tickling Recreations of those that tumble and toss between a pair of *Holland* Sheets, with kind and obliging Husbands, who will, according to their abilities, deny them nothing they long for, but fill their Bellies with Love Posset, as often as they shall reasonably require it.

In the first place then, if you want a considerable Fortune, which in these Days sets all Faces, and makes unshapen Bodies, and scurvy Conditions, appear tolerable ; great Ones sloop to the Bait of a Broom-man, and I know not what other Wonders. Let your Behaviour be sober, bridle your Passions, appear in Companies affable and courteous ; give not yourselves to Affectation, or much Talking ; Laugh not unseemly, which distorts and wrinkles a good Face, and look in many, more like crying than laughing. Be not over familiar, nor tinged with

the

the smallest Ingredients of any unseemly Pride, but carry an even Temper, go decent, and not too gaudy; cast not your Eyes wantonly about, nor stare at Men when they look you in the Face, yet being asked any Questions, answer with modesty, but not too foolishly or bashfully; for always observe, too much Coyness, or too much Confidence, which is interpreted by many, no other than Impudence, or too much Forwardness; giving a Suspicion you have been at the Business you wot on before hand, and are in haste for a Cloak to cover your stolen Ware. But to come nearer to the purpose.

When by these good Humours you find one address you, be not too pliant, before you know he is in earnest, and then use him, if he be rich, or one that you could willingly take for a Husband, draw him on with good Humour and Gentleness; but though he attempt to try your Chastity, by lascivious Actions, mildly reprove him, and keep him at a reasonable distance, give him Reasons to the contrary, and shew him his Folly, which will make him see he is mistaken in you, and then he will be ashamed, and ground in himself a good Opinion of your Virtues, which will the more indear him to you; and when you find him coming, and melting at your Charms, take him in the loving Humour, and bind him fast by I. A. take thee to my wedded Husband, to have and to hold, lest his hot Love by Delays and Puff off take Breath, and cool again into an Indifferency, which has made many a Virgin repent the Folly of that dissembled Coyness.

And by the bye, let me tell you, I would not have you throw away the Jewel you so highly prize, upon every Fop or Blockhead, but by these Rules, and timing well your Love, you may as well get a Husband rich and handsome, as a Spendthrift, or one that will keep you with a lean Sorrow.

The

The most propitious Days to carry on these Intrigues, or make Love Bargains, are the Days when *Jupiter* or *Venus* is Lord or Lady of the Ascendant, which are *Thursdays* and *Fridays*; by no means be married on a rainy Day, for that presages a lowering State of Life for the future.

*These Rules observ'd, Advantage you will gain,  
And Profit get, and Pleasure without Pain;  
It more than all Petitioning will do;  
You'll catch your Game, and yet you need not sue.  
No Snare like a dissembling Modesty  
The Sense it charms, while Faces charm the Eye,  
And chain the Lover that he cannot fly.  
Many poor Lads by this has richly wed,  
And gone at Night a Lady to her Bed.*

*Instructions how old Maids and old Widows may get  
rich young Husbands, &c.*

**N**OW you old Maids and old Widows, who have over stood your good Fortunes, your Turns come next to be served; for altho' the marks may perhaps be out of your Mouths, yet the Jockeys in *Smithfield* will tell, ye such Cattle are marketable, and will go off, though at lower Rates, when rubb'd up, and new vamp'd a little: You have indeed, we must confess, overstood your Market, but there is some hopes you may get off, if you observe these Rules.

First then, if you have any Money, be frequently handling and playing with it, for that's a great temptation as the World now goes, we can assure. Perhaps your Industry, or the bequeathing of some Friend, has furnished you with Rings, let them be seen to the best Advantage, they may be instrumental to procure you precious Stones for the other Ring you conceal; smooth up your Wrinkles with

Pomatum

omatum, and strait Forehead-bands, and keep your Mouths even; draw them not up like a Purse, nor be affected with too daunting an Attire; be not too proud of a young Man, for that will make them shy of their Addresses; go neat and clean, and when you are kissed, don't do it open mouth'd, or use the Way of sucking, as many of you do, for that betrays you to be over lecherous; don't appear to doat on your Lover, but give him kind and civil Reception, feign little Coyness, but be not too cold; wash your Eyes with Eye-bright Water, to keep in their dying sparks, and use now and then a little Perfume, for another Conceit that you know best.

*And when you've got him, hug him as you please;  
And when he does your Drudgery, give him Ease.  
If old your Husband be, and suit your State,  
Fog softly on, and so preserve your Mate,  
So you a comfortable Life may lead,  
And at both Ends to Satisfaction feed.*

*Instructions for the Recovery of a lost Virginity: Or,  
The Art of Saudering crack'd Maiden-heads.*

IF any Female happen to have too great a Flaw or Crack, by warping in the Sun, or otherwise, that may render her not current, or warrantable Ware, and so prove prejudicial to her Fortune, if discover'd, by making the Purchaser repent his Bargain, or sowing the Seed of perpetual Bawlings and hitting in the Teeth; or, as the Countryman more learnedly says, throwing of it in her Dish; let her, besides the Use of Alom water, be sure to get some inward Friend or acquaintance of hers, to drink down her Spark on the Wedding Night, that between Elevation, defect of Sense, Fumbling, a little Struggling and Coyness, may set a fair Glöss upon the matter; till the hard, tho' not dangerous Combat, being won and lost, she seems.

seems as highly satisfied with feasting on a butter'd Bun, as many an honest Citizen and Countryman has been before him, and concludes his dear Spouse as chaste as *Lucretia* or *Penelope*.

*So quietly then for the future live,  
That being o'er which Discontent would give ;  
St. Lais did deceive her Critick Spark,  
Deceiv'd his Senses, 'cause 'twas in the Dark ;  
So many now give Counters for a Mark.  
Well, what of that ? 'Tis better so deceiv'd,  
Than for a foolish Trifle always griev'd.*

*The Art of getting and keeping Money in hard  
Times, &c.*

**N**OW you'll say we are come to a hard Task and so indeed we find it ; but by the way there is nothing too hard for Industry ; to be brief then, for while the Grass grows, the Steed may starve, as the old saying is : This sort of Metal cannot be drawn into your Pockets, but by the Loadstone of Industry ; it is an Enemy to those that haunt Ale-houses and Taverns, and flies away from them like Quicksilver. It only loves the thrifty, and sticks by them to the last : Get up early in the Morning, and mind your Business, make no foolish Bargains, enter not into the Ship called Surety, lest you be cast away upon the Prison Rocks, where you may happen to be shipwreck'd for Life.

*Thus you may get a Friend that will stand by,  
And help you out when all the others fly,  
Or stand aloof and gaze, but won't come nigh.*



*A Treatise of Moles, according to the Opinion of the learned Authors, together with their Significations.*

**A** Mole on the left Side of the Stomach, denotes a luxurious Person.

A Mole on the left Shoulder, denotes Trouble and Affliction.

A Mole on the left Shoulder, near the Arm, denotes the Person given to Quarrels, Strife and Hatred.

A Mole in the middle of the Stomach, denotes dangerous Diseases.

A Mole on the right side of the Forehead, denotes a sick Constitution.

A Mole on the right side of the Forehead, promises Riches and Prosperity, and the like signifies a Mole on the right Temple.

A Mole on the left Corner of the Eye, denotes the party subject to melancholy, and the Diseases that proceed therefrom.

A Mole on the left Cheek, denotes Poverty and Affliction.

A Mole on the lower part of the Tip of the right Ear, threatens the Party with drowning.

A Mole near the bottom of the Nostrils, predicts a Man or Woman fortunate or lucky.

A Mole in any part of the Neck, denotes danger.

A Mole on the right Arm, promises Riches and Prosperity.

A Mole on the left Arm, denotes a Person contentious, and given to Quarrel.

A Mole on the upper Part of the right Breast, promises Success by Tillage.

A Mole

A Mole on the middle of the right Breast, denotes the Person ingenious, and given to Industry.

A Mole on the left side of the Belly, denotes Affliction and Crosses.

A Mole on the left Buttock, threatens Sickness and Trouble.

A Mole on the right Foot, denotes the Party to be endowed with Wisdom and Eloquence.

A Mole on the left Foot denotes rash Actions, whereby the Party shall be endangered.

A Mole on the Huckle Bone, promises good Fortune.

A Mole on the Groin, or the right Side, denotes good Fortune, and on the left the contrary.

A Mole on the Eye-brow, signifies speedy Marriage, and a good Husband.

A Mole on the Lip, signifies the Party to be much beloved, and very amorous.

A Mole on the Neck, denotes some Crosses, but a happy Issue in the End.

A Mole on the left Breast, upon the beating of the Heart, exactly in one place, denotes the Parties, if of different Sex, will come together in Matrimony.

A Mole on the left Shoulder, denotes Labour, Travel and Sorrow.

A Mole on the right Thigh, foretels Riches and advantage by Marriage; on the Privities it doth the like.

A Mole on the Nose, foretels the Birth of many Children, and Persons powerful in Generation.

A Mole on the right Cheek, denotes a timely Marriage, and such a one shall be prosperous.

A Mole on the right Knee of a Woman, denotes easy Labour, and a loving Husband.

A Mole on the left Buttock, denotes a pleasing Person, and one very much delighted in the Works of Generation.

A Mole on the upper Lip, signifies good Fortune in Marriage, and Ease in Children.

A Mole on the Knee, promises the Party chaste, and of a devout Life and Conversation.

A Mole on the Forehead, just between the Eyebrow, denotes you shall be favoured by great Persons, and come to much Preferment.

A Mole on the right Cheek, seems to intimate the Party greatly beloved, and prosperous in Marriage, tho' somewhat late.

A Mole on the Ear, betokens sound Judgment, and much Prudence.

A Mole on the privy Parts, signifies Ability in Generation, and many Children.

A Mole on the Chin, signifies early Marriage, great Pleasure and Content.

A Mole on the lower Lip, signifies much Plenty, in some, disappointment in a marriage State, perhaps Inability in the Person you affect, in case of which, a Search, or timely Trial may do you a Kindness.

A Mole on the Nose, signifies one capable of performing *Venus's* Rights.

A Mole on the right Thigh, signifies the Party shall marry to content.

*Dreams, and their Interpretations, according to the Opinion of the Learned.*

**T**O dream of much Joy, denotes the Arrival of Friends, or an Estate, or other good Fortune to besal the Party.

To dream of wearing rich Apparel, denotes Poverty.

To dream of Fire, signifies Anger.

To dream you are flying in the Air, signifies Advancement or Promotion.

To dream we weep, denotes Sorrow and Heaviness.

To

To dream of Serpents, denotes private Enemies.

To dream of the Arrival of Friends, signifies Deliverance from Trouble.

To dream of a black Coffin, denotes the Death of some Friend or Relation.

To dream of Riding, signifies a sudden Journey, but sudden Return.

To dream of washing in the Water, denotes an Easement from Pain or Trouble.

To dream of a Disease, promises Employment.

To dream of kisses and embraces, betokens strife.

To dream of a Banquet, denotes poverty and want.

To dream of one that is dead, denotes ill Luck.

To dream one runs hastily, denotes hasty News.

To dream of sore Eyes, signifies Sicknes.

To dream of Friends dead, denotes them well.

To dream of Money, signifies Loss.

To dream one sees a fearful Sight, implies Anger.

To dream of an Assembly, signifies Sicknes.

To dream of singing, denotes grief and affliction.

To dream of changing places, denotes strange and sudden News.

To dream of Fishes in the Water, denotes amendment of Life.

To dream of great Floods, and that you fell into them, denotes Strife and Danger.

To dream of the Cackling of Hens, signifies the falling out of Friends.

To dream one is dead, signifies Marriage.

To dream of falling out with one's Sweet heart, denotes a sudden Agreement, and a forwardness in Marriage.

If any one dream they are reading, it signifies they will soon receive a Letter or Note from some one they entirely love.

If a Woman dream of a Ring being put upon her Hand, it denotes a Breach of Love.

To

To dream of writing Letters, signifies joyful News  
or Tydings from a near Relation

If a Maid or Widow dream a Man puts a Ring  
upon her Finger, or ties on her Garter, it denotes  
sudden Marriage.

To dream one wears a Garland, promises the Par-  
ty Honour, Repute, and Preferment,

To dream our living Friends are dead, it is a  
Sign they are in Health.

To dream of lighted Tapers, denotes the Party  
happy in Friends and Affection.

To dream one is in danger of being killed, yet  
escape, denotes a deliverance from great Danger.

To dream you embrace without Power to speak,  
denotes the Party to fall in Love, but shall obtain  
the Party desired

To dream of Singing and Musick, denotes you  
shall soon hear of the Marriage of some Relation.

To hear Magpies chatter, signifies Brawling and  
Contention.

For a barren Woman to dream she embraces one  
of her own Sex, denotes that in Time she shall have  
Children : But unto a fruitful Woman it denotes  
Pain and Sorrow in Child-bearing.

For Lovers to dream they fall out and quarrel,  
signifies Constancy and Affection.

To dream you see a little Spring increase to a  
River or Lake, signifies an Increase of Riches and  
Preferment.

To dream one receives a Letter, denotes good  
success in Love, or speedy arrival of absent Friends.

To dream of Storms and troublesome Sky, denotes  
Anger.

To hear the Singing of Swallows, denotes Hurt by  
flatterers.

For a Maid to dream she kissed her Sweet-heart,  
a Sign of true Affection.

To dream you catch great Store of Fish, denotes Riches and Plenty.

To dream of dead Relations, promises the seeing of some Friends.

To dream you receive Money, is lucky, but of finding Money, is Disappointment.

For a Maid to write the numeral Figures in her own Name, and lay them under the Pillow the first Friday in the Month: if she dreams she see any Person writing or calling Accompts, she may suddenly expect Overtures of Marriage, and happily wedded.

To dream of great Fires, signifies Sickness or Discontent.

To dream the Sun shines bright in your House, foretels Poverty.

To dream you see an Egg hang by a String at your Bed's head, signifies your finding hidden Treasure.

To dream of shaking Hands, signifies Courtship and Love.

To dream of young Birds, signifies Child-birth.

*Dreams, with their various Interpretations.*

**T**O dream a Treasure hangs by your Bed-side,  
Is that you will speedily become a Bride;

And shall be rich; but if it vanish strait,  
Thy Loss and Poverty is doom'd by Fate.

To see great Fires, much Evil doth portend,  
Perhaps the Death of some near dearest Friend.

To dream you fly, does hasty News presage,  
Or that you are born to see old Age.

To dream a Ring is on your Finger plac'd,  
Is that you soon with Marriage shall be grac'd.

To dream of Bells that strangely backwards ring,  
Does always some sad Tidings surely bring.

To dream you are within your Lover's Arms,  
Signifies Joys, Embraces, Kisses, Charms.

To dream you gaze upon the blazing Sun,  
Denotes high Honour and Promotion.



To dream you dance and frolick with a Man,  
Denotes your Wedding soon is coming on.  
To dream you see a Friend that's lately dead,  
Denotes the Loss of an old Maidenhead.  
To hear Birds sing in any pleasant place.  
Shews Joy to come, Grief from your Breast will chase.  
To seem to kiss, does signify the State  
Of Fortune, Marriage will be fortunate.  
To dream the Pleasures of a Wedding Night,  
Does promise soon you shall have such Delight.  
To think you see a Man's Face in a Glas,  
Shall bring the Thing whate'er you wish to pass.

*Happy Days in the twelve Months, relating to Love  
or Business.*

**O**N *January's* sixth, ninth, twenty-five,  
The work you take in hand will surely thrive.  
*February's* tenth, nineteenth, and twenty-three,  
With Love, or what you undertake agree.  
The first of *March* is lucky held by all,  
And *April's* third, twelfth, eighteenth. So we call  
*May's* fourth, fifteenth, and twenty-one, are sure  
To bring Prosperity that will endure.  
*June's* twentieth, twenty-eighth, and thirtieth prove  
Choice Days to set upon Affairs of Love.  
*July's* nineteenth, and twenty one and four,  
Do prosper Business, and increase thy Store.  
If sure your Love you quickly would obtain,  
Begin in *August*, in the Dog-Star's Reign.  
The twenty-fourth and fifth are likewise good,  
If then you court, you will not be withstood.  
*September's* fifteenth, nineteen, twenty eight,  
*October's* third and fifth, and tenth create,  
Such good Beginnings as do give us Bliss  
*November's* ninth and twelfth bring Happiness.  
*December's* fourth, eighth, thirteenth, and the Day  
Our Lord was born, we likewise reckon may ;  
The rest of them are most indifferent,  
And some we find to be malevolent.

*The Silent Language, by Motion of Hand.*

**T**HIS Art is performed by the 24 Letters upon your Hand and Fingers, which you must learn, and then must spell the Words you intend your Friend should know; and the Letters are easily learnt, and as easily remember'd. I have learned several Persons in less than half an Hour. You must understand that most of the Letters are upon the left hand, and made with the Fingers of your Right Hand upon your Left Hand, the fore Finger of your Right you point to every Letter; but sometimes that and the next two Fingers make several Letters, as you will see. The Vowels are very easy to remember, they being the Tops or Ends of your five Fingers upon your left Hand, and the Y is the Table or Palm of that Hand, as thus :

<i>The Top or End of the Thumb, is</i>	_____	<i>A</i>
<i>The End of the Fore Finger, is</i>	_____	<i>E</i>
<i>The End of the Middle Finger, is</i>	_____	<i>I</i>
<i>The End of the Ring Finger, is</i>	_____	<i>O</i>
<i>The End of the Little Finger</i>	_____	<i>U</i>
<i>The Table or Palm of the Left Hand</i>	_____	<i>Y</i>
<i>One Finger upon the Left Thumb, is</i>	_____	<i>B</i>
<i>Two Fingers upon the Left Thumb</i>	_____	<i>C</i>
<i>Three Fingers upon the Left Thumb</i>	_____	<i>D</i>
<i>Your two fore Fingers laid together, is</i>	_____	<i>F</i>
<i>Thumb your Fists together, is</i>	_____	<i>G</i>
<i>Stroke the Palms of both your Hands together</i>	----	<i>H</i>
<i>Your fore Finger upon your left Wrist</i>	_____	<i>K</i>
<i>One Finger upon the Back of your left Hand</i>	_____	<i>L</i>
<i>Three Fingers upon the Back of your left Hand</i>	----	<i>M</i>
<i>Two Fingers upon the Back of your left Hand</i>	----	<i>N</i>
<i>Clench your left Hand or Fist is</i>	_____	<i>P</i>
<i>Clench your Right Hand</i>	_____	<i>Q</i>
<i>Link your little Finger together</i>	_____	<i>R</i>
		<i>The</i>

*The Back of your Hands together* ————— S  
*The End of your fore Finger to the middle Joint of*  
*the other fore Finger* ————— T  
*Two Fingers upon the little Finger of the left*  
*Hand* ————— W  
*Two fore Fingers a-cross, is* ————— X  
*Give two Snaps with Fingers, is* ————— Z

Practise it but a few times over, and you will soon be perfect; several of the Motions represents the Likeness of the Letter, as one Finger at the Back of your Hand is like L, two Fingers like N, three is like M; the fore Finger to the middle Joint of the other fore Finger is like T, two Fingers a-cross is like X; likewise B C D is very easily remember'd; one Finger on the left Thumb is B, two Fingers, C, three Fingers D. So the rest are soon learned, and as easy to remember. But you must always remember to give a Snap with your Finger between every Word, that your Friend may distinguish one Word from another. If you are in Company, and think some in the Company understands you, that you would not have, 'tis easy for you to change the Vowels to some other Place of the Hand, and then none but your Friend that knows it, can understand you. Suppose you would say to your Mistress, when she is in a great Company, *Madam, I am your humble* *Servant.*

You lay three Fingers upon the Back of your Hand ————— M

Put your Finger to the End of your Thumb — A

Three Fingers upon your left Thumb — D

Your Finger again to your Thumb — A

Three Fingers again to the Back of your Hand, M

And then give a Snap with your Fingers, for the Sign the Word is spelt.

Then point the End of your middle Finger — I

Snap your Fingers.

Then point the End of your Thumb ——— A

Then three Fingers on the Back of your Hand ——— M

Then snap your Fingers.

Then point to the Palm of your left Hand ——— Y

Then point to the End of your right Finger ——— O

Then point to the End of your little Finger ——— U

Then link your little Finger together ——— R

Then snap your Fingers.

Then stroke the Palm of your Hands together ——— H

Then to the End of your little Finger ——— U

Then three Fingers on the Back of your Hand ——— M

Then one Finger upon the Thumb ——— B

Then one Finger upon the Back of your Hand ——— L

Then point the End of your fore Finger ——— E

Then snap your Fingers.

Then put the Back of your Hands together ——— S

Then point to the End of your fore Finger ——— E

Then link your little Finger ——— R

Then point to the End of your little Finger ——— V

Then point to the End of the Thumb ——— A

Then two Fingers on the Back of your Hand ——— N

Then point the fore Finger to the middle Joint of  
the other fore Finger ——— T

Then snap your Finger.

And so you may discourse upon any Matter: If you practise it often, you will soon learn to do it very quick, faster than you can write; if you learn too many you spoil your Trick; neither let any know that it is done by Letters. I believe it may be near 20 Years since I learn'd it of a Gentleman in *Worcestershire*; and while I kept him Company (before his Death) I never learn'd any, which was near seven Years.

*Figure Hand.*

You must make an Exchange of those Letters, and use these Figures in the Place.

a e i o u y t u s t  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

And

And then your Alphabet will run thus:

1 b c d 2 f g l m 8 p q o 9 7 5 w y 6 2  
G4d B299 K38g G24og2, 18d ft23d 59 fo4m  
p3q36h 9li5 106.

Here you write thus; God bless King *George*, and keep us from Popish Slavery. You will find in a great many words nothing but figures, and there is scarce one word, great or small, but hath the greatest part figures. 'Tis so plain to be learned, that I need not give you any farther Instructions, but only to practise the ten Figures instead of the Letters. The other Hand is performed by exchanging of some Letters, one for the other, as thus:

a e i o u  
y t u f r

When you are to write A, you must write Y, and when you are to write Y, you must write A, and so all the rest.

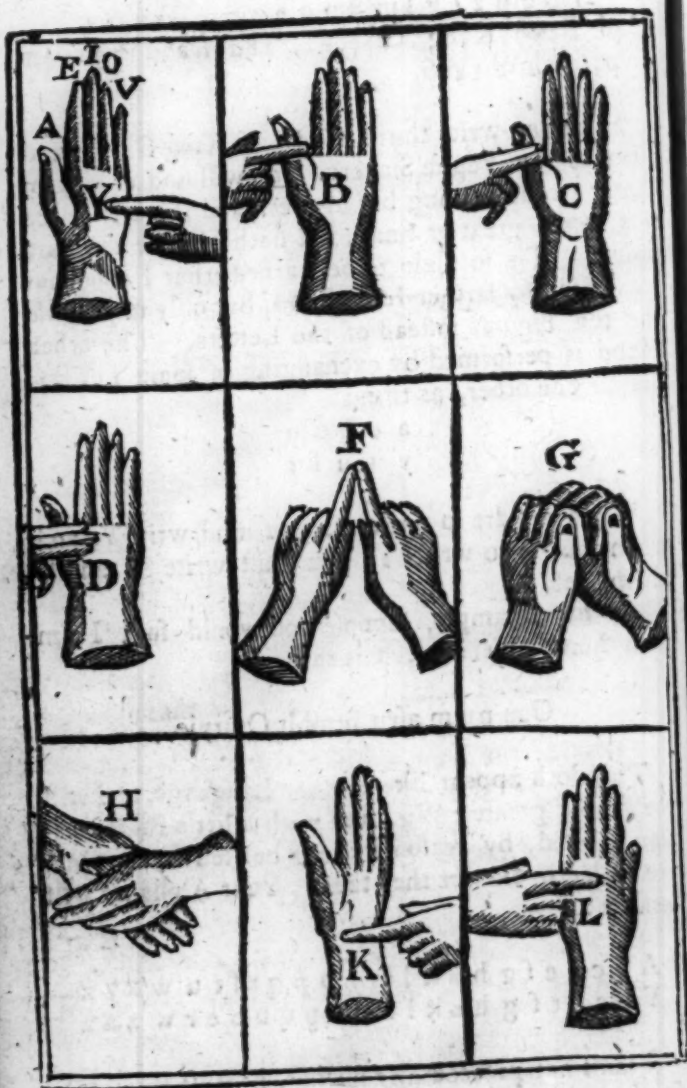
As for Example, suppose you would say, I am your humble Servant, it is thus,

Oou n ym asru htmblt Oturyie.

This doth appear like another Language, and will puzzle the greatest Wit, and with a little Practice is soon learned, by reason there is but ten Letters you are to learn one for the other. Your Alphabet will be thus:

A b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s t u w x y z.  
Y b c d t f g h u k l m i s p q u o e r w x a z.

I shall not proceed any further, because this is sufficient; but let the Reader practice what I have here shewn him, and he may soon learn the whole Art.







*Of the Significations of the Seven Planets, with  
Respect to Man's Body.*

**B**Efore I conclude my Discourse of the seven Planets, their Nature and Influences, I shall give you an Account of the Signification of them, as they respect the parts of Man's Body, and the Diseases that they govern, that proper Remedies may be applied accordingly.

*Saturn* governs the right Ear, the Bladder and the Bones; and the Diseases he governs, are Quartan Agues, Cancers, black Choler, Rheums, Coughs, Palsies, Looseness, of the Blood, &c.

*Jupiter* governs the Lungs, Ribs, Liver, Seed, Arteries, and Left Ear; and the Diseases incident to them are Pleurifies and Apoplexies, and such as proceed from too great a Quantity of Blood, or from Wind in any part of the Body.

*Mars* governs the Gall, the Veins, and the Reins, and their Distempers; which are Fevers, Yellow Jaundice, Madness, Choler, Carbuncles. *Mars* also governs the Stones and Privy Members of Man or Woman in part.

The *Sun* governs the Eyes, Heart, and the right Side, and the Diseases relating to them; such as Colds, especially in the Stomach and Liver, Fluxes in the Eyes, Cramp, Head-ach, &c.

*Venus* governs the Liver, Loins, Matrix, Pap and Throat; the Diseases whereof are, Weakness in the Body and Members, Catarrhs, French-pox, &c.

*Mercury* governs the Brains, Thoughts, Memory, Speech, and Tongue; and also the Distempers incident thereto, as Falling Sickness, Madness, Coughs, Hoarseness, Stammering, Phtyisick, and Rheums.

The *Moon* governs the left Eye of a Man, and the right Eye of a Woman, also the Stomach, Belly, and the left Side; the Diseases proper to them,  
are

are Dropfies, Palfies, rotten Coughs, Surfeits, Worms in Children, King's-Evil, Falling-Sicknefs, Convulfion-Fits, Dimnefs of Sight, Small-Pox, and Meafles.

Here note, That in all Diftempers, before you apply any thing to the Patient, it is proper and neceffary to confult the motions and pofitions of the Planets; and when by the Table of Planetary Hours before recited, you know what Planet rules; you muft in the next place confider the Nature of that Planet, as whether it be fierce or cruel, as *Mars*, or friendly and benevolent, as *Jupiter*; alfo whether they be cold and moift, or hot and dry, and what is the predominant Complexion, whether the Sanguine, Choler, Phlegm, or Melancholy; as alfo what Member of the Body it governs, and what Difease is under its Power: Thefe Things being diligently weighed and confidered, will furnifh the ingenious Phyfician with Grounds fufficient to make a Judgment of the true Nature of the Difease, whereby he may apply the fuitable and proper Remedies, that fhall beft confift with, and the moft prevalent againft the Diftemper; whereas the want of a due Confideration of the Matter, caufes the Phyfician oftentimes to adminifter thofe Medicines that rather kill than cure, though thofe very Medicines may be good againft the fame Difease, to a Patient under other Circumftances, and falling fick under a different Pofition of the Signs and Planets.



The Comical Humours of the Jovial  
*London Gossips*: Or, A Dialogue be-  
 tween a *Widow*, a *Wife*, and a *Maid*,  
 over a Cup of the *Creature*.

A P R O L O G U E.

**W**Hile Country Gossips oil their Tongues with  
 Dull Liquor serving for an humble Tale; (Ale,  
 We Citizens with Sack our palates liquor,  
 Which makes our Tongues more free, our fancies  
 Ale stupifies, and makes the senses muddy, (quicker:  
 Your right wine Gossips tattle without study.  
 For true extempore gossiping, and witty,  
 The Country world can't parallel the City.

*Wi.* **G**ood morrow, Cuz *Margaret*, how d'ye do?  
 It is a wonder thus to meet with you:  
 You're grown more strange of late than heretofore,  
 You us'd to call as you went by the Door,  
 Prithée, what lucky business brought thee hither,  
 That we should meet at Tavern door together?

*Wife.* Why truly Cuz, I am to meet a friend,  
 But on his promise I'll no more depend;  
 I will not boast what favours I have shown,  
 And then to fail me! well, 'tis past and gone.

*Wid.* Come, don't fret Cuz, these false and flat'ring  
 Seldom perform their promise one in ten: (Men,  
 He promis'd thee some toy, some pretty thing.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* You make a bauble of a Diamond Ring.  
'Tis not a Ring I value, but I swear,  
To be thus fool'd:

*Wid.* Nay, prithee Cuz forbear,  
Look! here comes *Bess*, dost think to pass unknown?  
Where goes my Wench?

*Maid.* To see my Sister *Joan*. (so pat,

*Wid.* Come, Cousin *Margaret*, since we're met  
Here's *Widow*, *Wife* and *Maid*, let's drink and chat.  
Slip in, good Cousin, you are next the Door,  
One pint in kindness, and away, no more. (tended,

*Wife.* My Husband's forth, the shop must need be  
Should he find me from home, he'll be offended.

*Maid.* And pray excuse me, troth I cannot stay,  
My master's gone abroad, I must away.

*Wid.* What should you fear, you Baby? Here's a  
I always ran those hazards, *Maid* and *Wife*. (Life,  
*Bess*, I will have no excuse, and thou shalt stay;  
What, ten't so oft, we don't meet every Day.  
Cousin, come follow me, I'll be your Guide,

*Maid.* My Mother if I stay too long will chide.

*Vint.* You're welcome Gentlewomen, walk up stairs  
This is a publick Room, where all repairs. (here,

*Wife.* 'Tis not worth while, let's take it standing

*Wid.* No, no, walk up, shew us a Room, my Dear,

*V.* Pray follow me, now Ladies, what Wine drinkye?

*Wife.* What Wine is best for our Complexion,  
[think ye?

*Vint.* I have no Physick, Ladies,

*Wife.* But as good,

For wholesome Wine creates the best of blood.

*Wid.* Well, ha'st good good Claret?

*Vint.* Yes, the best in *London*.

*Wid.* Either draw good, be quick, or leave it un-  
(done.

*Vint.* Here is a Glas of brisk, 'tis neat and pure.

*Wid.* Pray take it Cuz, why are you so demure?  
Let's drink familiar,

*Wife*

*Wife*, Here's to thee, honest *Bess*,  
 I'll drink a bumper, thou shalt pledge no less.  
 The wine is good, believ't, nay, fill your Glass,  
 We'll have no flinching, *Bess*, round let it pass.

*Wid.* Ay, ay, no flinching now---come to'st it up,  
 If here were Men, we would but kiss the Cup;  
 But now let's bar dissembling, and be merry,  
 Till with this Wine we make our senses weary;  
 No Sweet-hearts now our Actions can survey,  
 No, no, we're safe enough, come, drink away.

*Maid.* To you, forsooth,

*Wid.* Nay, prithee call me *Nan*.

*Maid.* O dear! methinks I drink like any Man.

*Wid.* Now Cuz, to all our Friends in *Soper-lane*,  
 I wonder what's become of honest *Jane*;

*Wife.* Oh, she is gone to dwell at *London-wall*,  
 But dish about, Cuz, faith I'll pledge them all.

*Wid.* The Wine is brisk, 'tis very good in truth,  
 Fill t'other Quart, prithee go right, good Youth.  
 I smile to think how merry we have been,  
 When we were chusing King and Queen;  
 And *Jane* was there; well, *Jane's* an honest Maid,  
 O the mad Tricks that we mad Wenches play'd!  
 I that have liv'd both *Widow*, *Maid* and *Wife*,  
 And try'd all pleasure, will maintain it still,  
 That of the three, Maids have the World at will:  
 Yet for all that, before I saw fifteen,

I wish'd that I my Wedding-day had seen.  
 I think here's none but Friends, Put to the Door;  
 I long'd for't *Bess*, no Woman could do more.  
 I, tittle rattle *Bess*, it must be done,  
 I would not for the World have liv'd a Nun.  
 I by Experience know, Maids are inclin'd  
 To taste those Sweets, and have a longing mind.

*Wife.* Cuz, tho' you on *Venus* sports have sed,  
 You should not put such Things in *Bess's* Head.

*Maid.* Nay (if you go to that) she cannot show,  
 Nor can you tell me more than I do know.

*Wid.*



*Wid.* Well, Cousin, well, those Days with us are  
[past,

But here's a Glas stands still. Pray who drank last?

*Wife.* Why, that I did to *Bess*: Maids are so shy.

*Maid.* Tis Maidens modesty if they deny.

*Wid.* Come, drink about, the Cup stands at your  
[Door.

*Maid.* Indeed, forsooth, I drank off two before.

We are to blame, truly we drink like Men.

*Wid.* Tush, wench, who knows when we shall  
[meet again.

We need not fear of Husbands to be blam'd,

*Maid.* But by my troth, I truly am asham'd.

*Wid.* We are secure, if we by none are seen,

A Husband's kissing smells where's Wife has been.

*Wife.* I'll take my Glas as freely as the rest,

A Husband's smell! faith, that's a pretty Jest.

I care as little for my Husband's smelling,

As e'er a woman now in *London* dwelling.

*Maid.* Nay, that's the truth on't, I believe he's.  
Would I as well were fitted to my Mind. [kind.

*Wife.* As kind a Man as Woman need to lie with.

*Maid.* Why such a one, who would not live and  
[die with?

*Wid.* My Husband did to other Girls incline,

*Wife.* Faith, mine is constant, by this glas of wine.

*Maid.* When Wives and Widows meet, there's  
[such a do,

Whose Choice is best, who's false, and who is true.

*Wife.* *Bess*, while I live, I'd rather yearly marry,  
Than live a Maid, and on preſerment tarry.

*M.* You when you're married, will forsake his Bed,  
To graft Brow-antlers on your Husband's Head.

*Wid.* Come, say no more, let's not fall out for  
[shame,

Drawer, go fill us t'other Quart o'th' same.

*Wife.* We shall be trim'd, and have our wits refin'd  
I'faith we shall, if you may have your mind.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* Come, to thy Husband, Cuz, a full Carouse  
And all our Friends, *Bess*, at thy Mother's House.

*Wife.* With all my Heart, this Wine is not the  
(worst,

*Wid.* Cousin, I think 'tis better than the first.  
But *Bess*, art thou towards Marriage in thy mind?

*Maid.* I have a Sweet-heart is exceeding kind,  
As good condition'd as e'er trod on shoe,  
And, by this Wine, as stout and proper too.  
To try his Love, sometimes I feign me sick,  
Which makes him weep,

*Wife.* That's e'en my good Man's trick,  
I force a Sigh, with half a dozen Groans,  
My Love, crys he, this 'tis to breed young Bones:  
Well *John*, say I, why dost thou jeer my pain?  
Then, by this Wine, the Fool will weep again.

*Wid.* Cousin, you're happy in so kind a one,  
I had a Clown would let me sigh and groan;  
If he had liv'd till now, I do protest,  
I would have done a thing; well, let that rest:  
*Bess*, never marry with a red-hair'd Man,  
Make choice of a dark-brown one if you can.

*Maid.* A Carrot-beard I always have abhor'd,  
And with my Heels I scorn it by the Lord.

*Wife.* O chuse a Black, if I may you advise,  
Why, black's a Pearl in any Woman's Eyes.  
What think'st of my good Man, black as a Coal?

*Maid.* I love a black Man with my very Soul.

*Wid.* Drawer, Boy.

*Vint.* Coming, coming, What d'ye lack?

*Wid.* Sausages, Boy, and fill a Quart of Sack.

*Maid.* Nay, pray no more, indeed 'tis time to  
(part.

*Wid.* We'll call a Reckoning after t'other Quart.

*Maid.* Enough's a Feast.

*Wid.* Well *Bess*, thou'rt in the right,  
Yet we want that, we lie alone all Night.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* That you may both remedy when you will;  
*Bess* was not made to live a Virgin still;  
 Whose fault is't but your own, you do not marry?  
 Were I as thee, I'd not a Fortnight tarry.

*Maid.* 'Tis not my fault: When young Men come a  
 My Mother cries, I must not yet be doing (wooing,

*Wid.* Then by my Faith, your Mother is to blame,  
 She knows fifteen may Husbands justly claim.

*Maid.* Fifteen! why, I was that last *Lady-day*,  
 And yet my Mother tells me I must stay;  
 Sixteen next *March*, I am no less in truth,  
 Must I to please her, linger out my Youth?  
 Shall she command, well, I know what I think;  
 Ay, by this Sack I do, and so I'll drink.

*Wid.* Fifteen! no more, would I could say so too,  
 I'd never ask my Mother what to do.

Methinks, 'tis idle, thus with Love to dally,  
 Were it my Case, I'd ne'er stand shilly, shally.

*Maid.* I drink so much, my Cheeks are very warm

*Wife.* Sweet *Elizabeth*, good Wine can do no  
 (harm.

*Wid.* Where's the Boy? Knock Cuz, or ring the  
 (Bell,

Were the Wine burnt, I think it might do well.

*Maid.* My Mother says, burnt Sack is good at  
 (Night.

*Wife.* Upon my word, your Mother's in the right.

*Wid.* Lad, Take this Wine, we'll have it burn'd,  
 All our three minds are to one Centre turn'd;

Sack when 'tis sugar'd will not be so heady;

And prithee see the Sauages be ready.

Faugh, what a stink is here? I'm like to choak, |

Now out upon't, it is Tobacco Smoak.

*Wife.* As sure as this is Wine, I mean to drink;

There cannot be a more detested stink;

But mine is such a kind and loving Man,

That he'll smoak none, if I say, do not, *John*.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* The Wine stands dying in the Cup, I think  
Come *Bess*, 'tis thy turn wench, to whom dost drink  
Come, dish about then, dost thyself forget?  
While we are here, let's have our Lips kept wet.  
I'll pledge thee, Girl; nay, prithee drink it up,  
A Gossips Round, that's every one a Cup.

Look Cuz, here's Fidlers; shall we have a Song?

*Wife.* No, no, but let us drink, and then be gone

*Wid.* This is good Counsel, *Bess*, be sure take heed

*Maid.* The Counsel is exceeding good indeed.

But venture me, should any be so bold,  
To serve me so; who could forbear to scold?  
Nay, should his boldness offer but to feel,  
A saucy Clown, I'd spurn him with my Heel.  
Here's Sixpence to the Musick for my share,

*Wid.* And mine, for thine shall not go bare.

*Wife.* And mine, for I love singing with my heart

*Wid.* Now, Fidler, go; Boy, bring us t'other

[Quar]

*Wife.* This brisk Wine my good Man doth allow

A Quart a Meal, as I may tell to you;

'Tis his best Course to please me at my Diet,

Or for a Month he should not be at quiet:

'Then a new Mantua Gown must make amends,

He'll kiss and pray, nay, prithee Love, be Friends,

I let him court and speak me fair a while

And when the sullen Humour's off, I smile.

*Wid.* Faith, Cousin *Margaret*, I commend thy Wit

For to a Hair thou dost his Humour fit.

*Maid.* Methinks 'tis the strangest Course you take

For I thought Men had lov'd for Kindness sake.

*Wife.* *Bess*, thou dost know but little it appears,

But thou wilt learn more as thou grow'st in Years:

Alas, poor Girl, it is thy Maiden blindness,

To think Men's Love must still be fed with kindness

No, *Bess*, their Love must sometimes be opposed,

So here's to you both, again you are disposed.

*Wid.* That's a good Boy, and now the Cloth is  
[spread,

Go fetch a slice of your own household bread ;

Why this is something like, 'tis Sterling Plate,

*Wife.* Why, that I love, but Pewter, 'Cuz, I hate.

*Maid.* Well, were I marry'd, I should never scold,

*Wid.* Pish, while ye talk the Sausages grow cold.

Come fall too, Cousin *Margaret*, pray, begin,

You know cold Puddings are not worth a Pin.

*Wife.* They're pretty salt to relish Wine withal,

Nay, pledge me, *Bess*, nay, by my troth you shall.

*Maid.* Look Gentlewomen, is it full d'ye think ?

I corn to be intreated to my Drink. [know ?

*Wid.* Why dost thou smile, *Bess*, prithee let me

*Maid.* When I'm in Company with Men, or so,

I kiss the Cup, and on the Wine I frown,

And making sower Faces set it down :

Then will they say, Lady, be not afraid,

Pray mend your Draught, you drink so like a Maid.

*Wife.* Talk not so loud *Bess*, what will people think,

The Vintner's Boy is laughing, by this Drink.

*Wid.* Why, did he so? you, Sirrah, do you hear?

Do so again, I'll jowl you by the Ears.

Tho' Goodman Boy, you think that we are mellow,

The meanest of us is thy Master's Fellow.

*Wife.* Tush, let it pass, tho' Boys will saucy be,

Your Master lives you Rogue, by such as we.

*Wid.* Sirrah, call t'other Lad, he's better bred,

Where did you learn your Manners, Loggerhead?

Bid him bring t'other Quart, and what's to pay,

Unless he draws our Wine, we will not stay.

Come hither Youth, what does thy Master doubt us,

That he allows his saucy Boy to flout us ?

*Vint.* No, truly, Madam, 'tis my Master's mind,

That we to all his Customers be kind.

He is the most obliging Man in Town,

Although my Fellow-prentice be a Clown.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* What is your Name ?

*Vint.* Forsooth, my Name is *Will*.

*Wid.* Where wert thou born ?

*Vint.* Here, but on *Fish-street-hill*.

*Wid.* *William*, we came not here to be abus'd,  
We could go where we might be better us'd ;  
*William*, we have some Credit where we dwell,  
And *William*, Boys should use their Betters well.  
For *William*, but suppose the Case your own,  
That you were drinking where you were not known  
And that you were, as we are at this season,  
Wou'd you be jeer'd, ha, *William* ?

*Vint.* Faith, no Reason.

*Wid.* *William*, thou answer'st like a Man of sense  
For truly *William*, 'tis a base Offence ;  
And *William*, I would have you know,  
You shall be paid the Reck'ning e'er we go.  
And *William*, this affront we scorn,  
For we are *London* Gentlewomen born,  
*William*, we talk, but care not who does hear it,  
No, by this Glass of Sack.

*Vint.* You need not swear it.

Now, pray accept my Pint, shal't be the same,  
Or any other, what you please to name,  
What say you Ladies ? speak, I'll quickly fill.

*Wid.* Let it alone; prithee kind-hearted *Will*.  
Thou loosest nothing by thy Courtesy,  
But prithee *William*, learn one thing of me ;  
Draw *Londoners* the best that may be had,  
And let the Country Clowns help off the bad ;  
Out-face these Fools, tell them a flattering Tale,  
For all their Judgment lies in Pot of Ale,  
I need not teach thee twice to do amiss.

*Wife.* We might have drank kind *William's* Pint  
[by this]

*Vint.* And you shall have it instantly, I run.

*Wife.* Let him bring in his Pint, and we have  
[done]



He may afford, each Quart did want a filling,

*Wid.* But take it kindly, 'cause the Youth was  
[willing.

*Vint.* Forsooth, I hope your Wine is very good ?

*Wid.* *William*, that saucy Boy has vex'd my blood.

*William*, I grant the Wine was not amiss,

at an affront, no Man will offer this.

*William*, besure to please your Customers well,

at *William*, when did't first come here to dwell ?

*Vint.* Forsooth, my Time is out the tenth of *May*.

*Wid.* *William*, it will be thine another Day.

Come, drink to *William*, (*Bess*) why art so sad ?

For truly *William* is a hopeful Lad.

Come *William*, drink, come prithee, *William*, do.

*Vint.* Forsooth, I'll pledge you, and I thank you  
[too.

*Wid.* Now, *William*, what's to pay, and take your  
[Money ?

*Vint.* Forsooth, there's just ten Shillings and a  
[Penny.

*Wid.* Here tell it, *William*, 'tis all very right.

*Vint.* You're kindly welcome.

*Maid.* Uds my Life ! 'tis Night.

*Wife.* Hark ! Bow Bell rings, I do protest 'tis late.

*Wid.* *William*, good Night, I pray take up your  
[Plate.

# DIALOGUES and SONGS on fundry Occasions ; full of Mirth and Innocent Recreation

Dialogue between *Thomas* and *Margaret*, two  
Country Lovers.

*W*ELL, *Margery*, whither art thou walk-  
ing alone this sweet and pleasant  
Morning ? *Marg.*

*Marg.* With my Dame's Leave I am going to Bonny-face Fair.

*Tho.* Passion on my Heart ! It is pity such a Pigeonny as thee should walk alone ; stay at Mother Leather-coat's the drinking of a Jug of Ale, while I step home to put on my Holiday Cloaths, my dear Duck, and I'll go along with you, if you'll be pleased to accept of my Company.

*Marg.* I thank you ; and since you are so kind as to proffer your service, it shall be very acceptable to me ; we are at the Door, let us enter in.

*Tho.* Shew us a Room ; bring us a Jug of Ale and a Cake.

*Mother Leather-Coat.* I shall, *Thomas.*

*Tho.* My Dear, here's to thee, and to our good Journey.

*Marg.* I will pledge you with all my Heart, thanking you for all your Kindness.

*Tho.* Don't think me long, for I shall return again with all the Expedition I can ; and so farewell.

*Marg.* Sure I shall have good Luck, Fortune has been extraordinary kind to me in sending *Thomas* to be my walking Mate ; for indeed, what Comfort could I have expected, walking like a wandering Jew ? Well, he is an honest Fellow, and I am persuaded there is something more in this than I am aware of ? Who knows but he may have a mind to make me his Wife ; which if he should, I shall be a happy Woman, for he is good-natur'd : But hold, he comes, I must keep a steady Countenance.

*Tho.* My Dear, I hope I have not tired thy patience in staying so long : My Master and I had a woundy Tussel together about my putting on my Roast-meat Cloaths ; for nothing would serve him but I must needs go this Day to Plough, but I plainly told him, that he must excuse me, for I was otherwise disposed.

*Marg.* I hope you did not tell him that thou met with me, and that I was the cause of keeping thee from thy business.

*Tho.* No, no, Udswooggers, I had more wit in my finger than that comes to. I'll warrant thee Girl, tho' I am a poor silly Fellow, yet I am not a downright Fool; come fill us the other Jug, that we may cheer up our hearts, for I am afraid we shan't light of better liquor than this at the Fair.

*Marg.* I must needs say it is a Cup of good Ale, and my Mother *Leather-coat* seldom or ever has any worse, I'll say that for her.

*Tho.* Sweet *Margery*, once more to thee, and to our better acquaintance; for we may live in love, and marry, and get a whole Generation of Children, which may stock the Country; what say'st thou to that, my Dear?

*Marg.* Alas, *Thomas*, I am but a poor innocent Country Girl, and you make me blush to hear you talk at this rate; come, let us hasten to the Fair, for it is near nine of the clock, and we have four or five miles still, and I dare not be out late at Night.

*Tho.* Sweet *Margery*, I will not discourse any longer here upon the point; for when we come to the Fair, we shall have a more convenient Opportunity.

Here, what's to pay, Mother *Leather-coat*?

*Mother Leather-coat.* Sixpence *Thomas*, for two Jugs and a Cake.

*Tho.* There's your Money, Mother; and if we come back in any good Time, we will call upon you: and so farewell.

*Mother Leather-coat.* *Thomas*, pray be kind to my Daughter, for I begin to smell a Rat; in my Conscience it will be a match; which if it be, as old a Woman as I am, I will venture to dance at your Wedding, though it be more than I have done

done this twenty Years : So Heaven bless you together.

*Marg.* Well, she is a merry old Woman, and I have been one of her adopted Daughters ever since I was fit to go to Service ; for at any Time when I was out of Place, she would invite me to take up her House for my Habitation, until I was better provided ; and from that Time it came to pass, that I called her my Mother.

*Tho.* Well, in regard she has formerly been so kind to thee, I will likewise have a Respect for her, and will endeavour to get far into her Favour, that she likewise may style me her Son : And now let us talk of our Affairs.

*Marg.* What better Discourse can there be, than to talk of kind Friends and old Affairs ?

*Tho.* This is the very subject I would be upon : Kind Friends are the Encouragers of Love, and Love will lead us to the happy State of Matrimony, which Institution is ten times older than my great Grandmother.

*Marg.* O me ! has Marriage been of so long standing ? I can hardly believe it ; for I have heard my own Mother say, that her Great Grandmother had nineteen Sons and Daughters, and yet she was never married in her Life ; and therefore I thought it had not been in Use then.

*Tho.* It was of Use then, and many Hundred Years before ; yet it is possible she might avoid Marriage to save Charges, as do many in these Days, but *Margery*, that shall be no Rule for us ; for if we do agree upon the point, believe me, we will enter into the honourable State of Matrimony, that our Sons and Daughters may, being lawfully begotten, inherit the Goods and Lands, which we by our Industry, shall purchase ; for I han't forgot the kind promise of Dame Fortune ; and if she should bestow her Favours upon

upon us, who can tell but that I may arrive to be a Constable of a Parish, or a Country Justice of the Peace!

*Marg.* O me! That would be brave. What a Justice of the Peace? Then if I should be your Wife, I shan't go a Milking then, *Thomas*, shall I?

*Tho.* No, my Dear, thou shalt have Servants to wait upon thee, and I will maintain thee in a Garb more gay than the Church-Warden's Wife; and believe me, thou shalt sit in a great Pew on *Sundays*, where the Eyes of all the Parishoners will be fastened upon thy Beauty, Ha, Girl! what thinkest thou of this?

*Marg.* I am strangely lifted up to the Height of Ambition; nothing else but golden Conceits possess my Mind; for, methinks, I am already in the happy Station which you have been talking of: Let us proceed no farther in our Journey to the Fair, but resolve to return Home, thereby to get all Things ready for our Wedding; for I long to be a Lady in good Truth.

*Tho.* My Dear, I am willing to consent to any Thing that may please thee best; if thou art for making a quick Dispatch of the Business, let us consider with ourselves what Money we can raise; I for my own Part, have forty Shillings lying by me; besides next Week comes Quarter-day, and then I shall receive a Year's Wages more; and let me tell you, this is something towards a good Beginning.

*Marg.* Indeed, so it is, I must confess; and for my Part I will produce what I can, though it be not much; I may perhaps have a matter of fourteen Pence, which is something towards enlarging the Sum; for according to the old Proverb, *Every little makes a Mickle*.

*Tho.* Thou say'st well; for this is more than some has had to begin with, who have arrived to great Riches: So my Dear, we will go seriously to our  
E Business,

Business, getting all Things ready against the Day which you shall appoint for our happy Marriage ; when it is over, we shall soon settle ourselves in the World, ready for receiving Fortune's Favours.

*Marg.* Next *Tuesday* come se'nnight I pitch upon for the Wedding-day, because I know long and lingring Bargains seldom or ever come to good.

Now to our Home let us depart,  
For thou hast won my yielding Heart,  
Which I will give to none but thee ;  
Then don't forget my Loyalty.

*Tho.* My Life, This Promise here I make,  
Which I resolve never to break ;  
I'll make thee then my lawful Bride,  
There's none in all the World beside  
That I can fancy but my Dear,  
My Constancy thou need not fear ;  
Come, let us kiss, and so farewell,  
We many Years in Joy may dwell.

*A Dialogue between two Sisters, Nelly and Nancy.*

*Nelly.* **D**EAR Sister, I have been a great Sufferer by the Cruelty of an unknown Lover, *Randal*, that has made so many solemn Protestations of Faith and Loyalty ; he, I say, after all, has unworthily left me

*Nancy.* Sweet Sister, dry thy watry Eyes, and do not weep : Udsfoot, I would not care a Fig for him, there are more Men than Mouse-trap-makers ; Remember the Old Proverb,

*Set your Stool in the Sun,*

*If one Knave goes another will come.*

Consider with yourself, you are but young, and if you stay two or three Years unmarried, it will be time enough then.

*Nelly.* But woe is me ! Alas, dear Sister, there is something more in this than you can imagine, which makes me lament at this Rate.

*Nancy* upon



*Nancy.* Why, what can be in it, that should cause you to weep and lament thus ; I hope you have not been fooling with him ?

*Nelly.* Yes, verily I have ; I must confess the naked Truth ; for indeed, I scorn to be caught in a Lye.

*Nancy.* Uds-foot, then I'll warrant you he has gotten you with Child, say you, has he not ?

*Nelly.* Yes, Sister, I am near nine Months gone, yet the unworthy Man never minds me, but laughs at my lamentable Sufferings, he has obtained his Ends, and now, if I please, I may even go hang myself, for he values not what becomes of me, this I plainly perceive.

*Nancy.* Why did you let him take Possession of your dear Tenement, before you had obliged him to take a sure Lease, my meaning is, during Life ; for young Men in such Cases are not to be trusted.

*Nelly.* Ay, but dear Sister, he had such a soft de-luding Tongue, and likewise used so many prevail-ing Arguments, that I had not the Power to deny him.

*Nancy.* How, not deny him ! in troth but I would, though he had been a better Man than ever stood upon his Shanks.

*Nelly.* Sister, you cannot think how he tempted me, before I in the least consented to his fond Desires. Sometimes he would have me abroad, where he would treat me with the choicest of what he could get for Gold and Silver : At other Times he would wait upon me in my Chamber, where many Hours, early and late, he courted me to be kind ; and at last, to my Sorrow, through his large Gifts and soft Embraces, I was drawn away, and consented to his Request.

*Nancy.* I would have scorned the greatest Gifts and richest Presents that he would or could have bestowed upon me, if once I had found he made use of them

a Baits and Snares to betray me to my Ruin. I lived with a Master once, who would, when my Mistress was abroad, often kiss and court me, declaring, that if I would not be coy, I should have large Gifts, and golden Presents; but I flew from him with Anger and Indignation, solemnly protesting, that I would not stain my Reputation for the Reward of more Pounds than he was worth, and by this means, I was rid of his future Temptations.

*Nelly.* But take Notice, Sister *Nancy*, yours and mine are two different Cases; yours was your Master, and a married Man, but mine was a Batchelor, and one that pretended to love me above all other Creatures in the World beside; so that I was persuaded I might let him stray before-hand in the Forest of Love and Fancy, without any Danger, because I doubted not but he would endow me with the honourable Title of Wife, whensoever I would require it, tho' now to my Sorrow, I find him false and deceitful: But for your part, had you consented, your Crime had been more heinous, because you must needs know his Designs would be no otherwise than base from the Beginning.

*Nancy.* Sister *Nelly*, you tell me that I might be sure that his Design was not warrantable, I own it to be true; but nevertheless, what could ye think would be the issue of your Lover's Actions? Had he meant any thing honest and honourable, he would not have desired you before-hand to have yielded to dancing that Jig which has occasioned your Disgrace.

*Nelly.* That may be Sister, but I could not harbour any evil Thought of him, for, as we say, *Love hides a Multitude of Faults.*

*Nancy.* Well, I am sorry for your Misfortunes. But what do you think our Mother will say, when she shall come to hear these unwelcome Tydings?

in my Conscience she will be ready to run beside her Senses.

*Nelly.* Sister, that it is the least of my Fear: for I very well remember, it hath been often reported, that she herself was guilty of the same Folly, therefore how can she be angry for a Daughter to do as her Mother hath done before her.

*Nancy.* Fie, Sister, you are to blame in charging her with that Crime, though peradventure it be true; for you know, it is an ill Bird that betrays its own Nest; and I would not for forty Shillings, that she should know that you bear in Mind the Sins of her Youth; therefore I desire you to desist from making mention of any such Thing, and I will do what I can to reconcile her to you; and by that means you may be sheltered from the Digrace of the World;

*And so my Sister dear, adieu;  
Fear not, I'll be a Friend to you.*

A Collection of choice SONGS, upon  
fundry Occasions, as they are Sung  
in Court, City, and Country.

*To the newest and best Play-house Tunes.*

*The Maiden's Choice.*

A Soldier and a Sailor,  
A Tinker and a Taylor,  
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,  
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,  
whose Name was buxom *Joan*,  
whose Name, &c.

For now the Time was ended,  
When she no more intended,

To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,  
 And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,  
 And lie all Nights alone,  
 The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
 He lov'd her more than Plunder,  
 And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,  
 Which he had brought from far, Sir,  
 With fighting for her sake,  
 With fighting, &c.

The Taylor thought to please her,  
 By offering her his Measure:  
 The Tinker too with Mettle,  
 Said, he could mend her Kettle,  
 and stop up e'ery Leak,  
 and stop, &c.

But while these three were prating,  
 The Sailor sily waiting,  
 Thought, if it came about, Sir,  
 That they might all fall out, Sir,  
 Then he might play his Part,  
 Then he, &c.

And just e'en as he meant, Sir,  
 To Loggerheads they went, Sir:  
 And then he let fly at her,  
 A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
 Which won this fair Maid's Heart,  
 Which won, &c.

*The Praise of a Woman.*

**H**OW lovely is a Woman before she is enjoy'd,  
 When the Spirits are strong, and the Fancy not  
 We admire ev'ry Part, tho' never so plain, (cloy'd,  
 Which when truly possess'd, we quickly disdain.  
 Each Lady we court, and beg they'd be kind,  
 And when they consent to be of one Mind,  
 We kiss and embrace, and do what's to be done,  
 When their Bellies are full, we leave them forlorn.  
 All Women we see, we do hope to enjoy,  
 We think ourselves happy, if they prove not coy;

Each

Each feature we praise, and admire their Parts,  
Tho' to the next Face we do proffer our Hearts.

*The Bonny Milk Maid.*

**Y**E Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,  
That love green Fields and Woods,  
When Spring newly blown,  
Herself doth adorn,

With Flowers and blooming Buds;

Come sing to the Praise,

While Flocks do graze,

In yonders pleasant Vale,

Of those that chuse,

Their Sleep to lose,

And in cold Dews,

With clouted Shoes,

Do carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddesses of the Morn,

With Blushes they adorn,

And take the fresh Air,

While Linnets prepare,

A Consort on each green Thorn.

The Blackbirds and Thrush,

On every Bush,

And the charming Nightingale,

In a merry Vein,

Their Throats do strain,

To entertain,

The jolly Train,

That carry the Milking Pail.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,

And Flowers can spring no more,

The Fields that were seen, So pleasant and green,

By Winter all candied o'er :

Oh ! how the Town Lass,

Looks with her white Face,

And her Lips of a deadly pale ;

But it is not so,

With those that go,

Through Frost and Snow,  
With Cheeks that glow,  
And carry the Milking Pale.

*The Charming Bride.*

**T**HE Danger is over, is over, &c.  
The Battle, the Battle, the Battle is past;  
The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had, &c.  
But she ventur'd, she ventur'd, she ventur'd, she  
(ventur'd at last :

She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,  
She smil'd at her Folly, and said she had won ;  
By her Eyes we discover the Bride has been pleas'd,  
(been pleas'd,

Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd ;  
She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down,  
Down, down, down ;

If she sighs, 'tis for Sorrow, for Sorrow, for Sorrow,  
( 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all ye Virgins, ye Virgins, ye Virgins, ap-  
(pear all you Virgins,

Both aged, both aged, both aged and young,  
And you that have carry'd, and you that have carry'd,  
That Burthen, that Burthen, that Burthen, that Bur-  
(then too long.

Who have lost precious time, and you were losing,  
Betray'd, betray'd by your Fears, 'twixt doubting and  
(chusing ;

Draw near, and learn what will settle your Mind,  
You'll find, you'll find yourselves happy, when once  
(you are kind,

Do but wisely resolve the sweet venture, to run, run,  
(run, run,  
The Loss will be little, be little, be little, and much  
(will be won,

*The yielding Maid.*

**O** Fie ! what mean I foolish Maid,  
In this remote and silent Shade,  
To meet with you alone ? ;

My



My heart does with the place combine,  
And both are more your Friends than mine.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! I shall, I shall be undone :

Oh ! oh ! &c.

A Savage Beast I should not fear,  
Or should I meet Villains here,

I to some Cave would run ;

But such enchanting art you show,

I cannot strive, I cannot go :

Oh ! I shall be undone, &c.

Ah ! give your sweet temptation o'er,

I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more :

What ! must we yet fool on ?

Ah ! now I yield, ah ! now I fall,

Ah ! now I have no Breath at all,

and now I am quite undone !

*The little Girl's Wish.*

**Y**OUNG I am, and yet unskill'd

How to make a Lover yield ;

How to keep, or how to gain,

When to love, and when to feign :

Take me, take me, some of you,

While I yet am young and true ;

E'er I can my Soul disguise,

Heave my Breast, heave my Breast, and rowl my

Stay not till I learn the Way,

(Eyes.

How to lye, and to betray ;

He that loves me first is blest,

For I may deceive the rest :

Could I find a blooming Youth,

Full of Love, and full of Truth,

Brisk, and of a *Jantee* Mien,

I should long, I should long to be fifteen.

*The Politick Damsel.*

**F**rom grave Lessons and Restraint,

I'm stole out, to revel here ;

Yet I tremble, and I pant,

in the middle of the Fair.

Oh! oh! wou'd Fortune in my way  
Throw a Lover kind and gay.

Now's the Time, now's the Time,  
Now's the Time he may soon move,  
A young Heart unus'd to love.

Shall I from the Danger go,  
Shall I venture? No, no, no;

Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no,  
No, no, &c.

I must not try, I cannot fly,  
I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me Nature, help me Art,  
Why should I deny my Heart?

If a Lover will pursue,  
Like the wisest let me do;

I will fit him, if he's true,  
If he's false, I'll fit him too,

While I am endu'd with Sense,  
To distinguish what is best,

Cupid's Darts of Violence

Shall not penetrate my Breast;

No, no, no, but methinks I feel  
What I cannot well conceal.

Let me strive, let me strive,

Let me strive the best I can,

To abhor the Thoughts of Man.

Shall I love them? No, no, no;

Shall I from their Kisses go?

Oh! No, no, no, no, no, no,

No, no, &c.

I must not take, I can't forsake,

I must not, durst not, can't forsake,

Help me Cupid, grant me Love,

Then by all the Powers above,

If young *Strephon* will pursue,

Like the wisest let me do:

I will fit him if he's true,  
if he's false, I'll fit him too.

I have learn'd to act my part,

Now as well as some have done :

Never will I break my Heart,

Or for Love distracted run :

Free, free, from all those Captive Chains,

Weeping Cares, and killing pains,

Let me be, let me be,

Let me be for evermore,

*Cupid*, I do thee implore ;

Shall I venture ? No, no, no,

Shall I from the Danger go ?

Oh ! No, no, no, no, no, no, no,

No, no, &c.

I must not yield, nor quit the Field,

I must not, durst not quit the Field ;

Bless me now ye Powers divine,

Never was a Virgin's Case like mine.

If a Lover will pursue,

Like the wisest let me do ;

I will fit him if he's true,

If he's false, I'll fit him too.

*The two victorious Cupids.*

(of Hay,

*Gor.* **N**OW the Maids and the Men are making

We have left the dull Fools, and stollen

Then *Mopsa* no more

(away,

Be coy as before,

But let us merrily, merrily play,

And kiss, and kiss the sweet Time away.

*Mop.* Why how now, Sir Clown, how came you so

(bold ?

I'd have you to know I'm not of that Mould :

I tell you agen,

Maids must not kiss Men.

No, no, no, no Kissing at all ;

I'll not kiss, till I kiss you for good and all.

*Cor.* No, no.

*Mop.* No, no.

*Cor.* No, not kiss you at all.

Not kiss, &c.

*Cor.* Should you give me a Score,

'Twould not lessen the Store.

Then bid me chearfully kiss.

And take, and take my fill of bliss.

*Mop.* I'll not trust you so far, I know you so well,

Should I give you an inch, you'll take an Ell,

Should I give, &c.

Then Lord like you'd rule,

And laugh at the Fool.

No, no, &c.

*Coy Celia's Cruelty.*

**C***elia*, with whom I once was blest,

Now the Torment of my Breast;

Since to cure me you bereave me,

Of the Pleasure I possess;

Cruel Creature to deceive me,

First to love, and then to leave me.

Cruel Creature, &c.

Had you the Bliss refused to grant,

I then had never known the Want;

But possessing once the Blessing,

is the Cause of my Complaint,

Once possessing is but tasting,

'Tis a Bliss that is not lasting,

Once possessing, &c.

*Celia* now is thine no more,

But I am hers, and must adore;

Not to leave her will endeavour,

Charms that captiv'd me before;

No unkindness can dis sever,

Love that's true, is Love for ever,

No unkindness, &c.

## Cupid's Kingdom.

**W**ERE I to chuse the greatest Bliss,  
 Were I to chuse the greatest Bliss,

That ever in Love was known,  
 I would be the highest of my Wish,  
 To enjoy her Heart alone :

Kings might possess their Kingdoms free,  
 And Crowns unenvy'd wear,

They should no Rival have of me ;

No, no,

They should no Rival have of me,

Might I reign Monarch there ;

They should no Rival have of me ;

No, no,

They should no Rival,

They should no Rival have of me,

Might I reign Monarch there.

Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle air,

Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle air,

But whisper out my Love,

And prove but half so kind as fair,

My Sorrows you'll remove ;

*Cynthia*, Oh ! let us happy be,

Unite our Hearts in Love,

I'd change not such Felicity,

No, no,

I'd change not such Felicity,

For all the Joys above ;

I'd change not such Felicity,

No, no,

I'd change not such,

I'd change not such Felicity,

For all the Joys above.

*Cruel Celia:*

**N**O, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour,  
 chuse to sustain the smart, rather than leave her.

My ravish'd Eyes beheld such Charms about her,

I can die with her, but not live without her.

One

One tender Sigh from her to see me languish;  
 Will more than pay the Price of my past anguish:  
 Beware, O cruel Fair, how you smile on me;  
 'Tis a kind Look of thine that has undone me.  
 Love has for me in store one happy Minute,  
 And she must end my Pain that did begin it:  
 Then so divine a Bliss and Pleasure leaving,  
 Ages will pass away without perceiving,  
*Cupid* shall guard the Door, the more they please her,  
 And keep out Time and Age, when they would seize  
 (her;

Time and Death shall depart, and say, when flying,  
 Love has found out a Way to live by dying.

*The Tippling Philosophers.*

**D**IOGENES furly and proud,  
 who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,  
 Delighted in Wine that was good,  
 Because in good Wine there is Truth;  
 Till growing as poor as was *Job*,  
 Not able to purchase a Flask,  
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,  
 and liv'd by the Scent of a Cask.  
*Heraclitus* would never deny  
 a Bumper to cherish his Heart,  
 And when he was maudlin would cry,  
 because he had finish'd his Quart:  
 Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
 he wept at Mens Folly and Vice:  
 When 'twas only his Custom to drink,  
 till the Liquor flow'd out at his Eyes.  
*Democritus* always was glad,  
 to tipple and cherish his Soul,  
 And would laugh like a Man that was mad,  
 when over a large flowing Bowl:  
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,  
 the Liquor he'd merrily quaff:  
 And when he was drunk as a Lord,  
 at them that were sober he'd laugh.



*Copernicus* too like the rest,

Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,

And fancy'd a Cup of the best,

Made Reason the brighter to shine ;

With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,

And made his Philosophy-reel,

Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,

Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

*Aristotle*, that Master of Art,

Had been but a Dunce without Wine,

And what we ascribe to his Parts,

is due to the Juice of the Vine :

His Belly, most Writers agree,

Was as big as a watering Trough,

He therefore leap'd into the Sea,

Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato*, that learned Divine,

He wisely to Wisdom was prone,

And had it not been for good Wine,

His Merits we never had known.

By Wine we are generous made,

it furnishes Fancy with Wings,

Without it we ne'er should have had

Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

*The Kingdom of Birds.*

**I**N the Fields in Frost and Snow,

Watching late and early,

There I kept my Father's Cows,

There I kept them yearly :

Booing here, booing there,

Here a boo, there a boo, every where a boo,

We defy all Care and Strife,

in a charming Country Life.

Then at home amongst the Fowls,

watching late and early ;

There I fed my Father's Owls,

There I fed them yearly ;

Whooping here, whooping there ;

Here

Here a whoo, there a whoo, every where a whoo,  
 We defy all Care and Strife  
 in a charming Country Life.  
 When the Summer Fleeces heap,  
 watching late and yearly,  
 Then I shear my Father's Sheep,  
 Then I keep them yearly,  
 beaing her, beaing there,  
 Here a bea, every where a bea,  
 we defy all Care and Strife,  
 in a charming Country Life.  
 In the Yard among the Logs,  
 Watching late and early;  
 There doth lye my Father's Hogs,  
 There I feed them yearly;  
 grunting here, grunting there,  
 Here a grunt, there a grunt, every where a grunt,  
 We defy all Care and Strife,  
 in a charming Country Life.  
 Round about the pleasant Motes,  
 Watching late and early,  
 There I tend my Father's Goats,  
 There I water them yearly:  
 Maaing here, maaing there,  
 Here a Maa, there a Maa, &c.  
 We defy all Care and Strife,  
 in a charming Country Life,  
 When I've fed my Father's Flocks,  
 in the Morning early;  
 Then I cram his Turkey Cocks,  
 there I feed them yearly;  
 Gobble here, Gobble there,  
 Here a Gob, there a Gob, &c.  
 we defy, &c.  
 Round my Father's Pond and Lake  
 in the Morning early;  
 There I feed his Duck and Drake,  
 There I feed them yearly:

Qua a quack here, qua a quack there,  
Here a quack, there a quack, every where a quack,  
We defy, &c.

*Lock all fast.*

**I** A M come to lock all fast,  
Love without me cannot last ;  
Love like Counsel of the wise,  
Must be hid from vulgar Eyes ;  
'Tis holy, 'tis holy,  
and we must, we must conceal it,  
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.  
What is promised in Love,  
Is recorded still above,  
And whatever Vows we make,  
Let us keep for true Love's sake ;  
'Tis binding, 'tis binding,  
and we still, we still must own it,  
They are perjur'd, they are perjur'd who disown it.  
Let our Love be just and true,  
For there's none I love but you ;  
Let whatever each impart,  
Be lock'd up in each other's Heart,  
That no one, that no one,  
But ourselves, ourselves may ever  
Once be able, once be able to discover,  
Whilst we secretly do love,  
No one can our Joys remove,  
Nor can any one molest,  
That which is hid in the Breast,  
'Tis Treasure, 'tis Treasure,  
Whilst we there, we there can keep it,  
From all Rivals, from all Rivals that do seek it.

*The Scotch Haymakers.*

**T** Was within a Furlong of *Edinburgh Town*,  
In the rosy time o' th' Year, when the Grass  
[was down ;  
Bonny *Jocky* blith and gay, said to *Jenny* making hay  
Lets sit a little Dear, and prattle, 'tis a sultry Day ;

He long had courted the black-brow'd Maid, (wed, And  
 But *Jockey* was a Wag, and would ne'er consent to I  
 Which made her pish and phoo, and cry it will n fr  
 (not do, Den

I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too, Let  
 He told her Marriage was grown a merry Joak, For  
 And that no one wedded, but scoundrel Folk, And  
 Yet, my Dear, you shall prevail, but I know not Do  
 (what I ail, Let I

I shall dream of Clogs, silly Dogs, with Bottles at And  
 (their Tail; Whil

But I'll give thee Gloves and Bongrace to wear, We'l  
 And a pretty filly Foal, to ride out and take the Air, And  
 If thou wilt not pish and phoo, and cry it will not do, Do  
 I cannot, cannot; For I

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe, Will  
 But, ah, what in return must poor *Fenny* give? And  
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone, I must gang to Addi  
 (London Town, And

And roar and rant, and patch and paint, and kiss Do  
 (for half a Crown, Let's

Each drunken Bully oblige for pay, Ne'e  
 And earn an hated Living, an odious fulsome Way, May  
 No, no, it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you, Of t  
 Or I cannot, &c. And

*The honest Englishman's Health.*

**H**ere's a Health to the King, and a lasting Peace, Then  
 Let Faction be damn'd, and Wealth increase For t  
 Come, let us drink while we have Breath, And r  
 For there's no drinking after Death; Then  
 And he that doth this Health deny, And h  
 Down among the dead Men, Do  
 Down, down, down, down, Ma

Down among the dead Men let him lie.  
 Let charming Beauty's Health go round,  
 In whom Celestial Joys are found;  
 And may Confusion still pursue,  
 The senseless Woman-hating Crew.

And he that Woman's Health denies,  
 Down among the dead Men, &c.  
 In smiling *Bacchus* Joys I'll rowl,  
 Denv no Pleasure to my Soul.  
 Let *Bacchus*'s Health round briskly move,  
 For *Bacchus* is a Friend to Love.  
 And he that *Bacchus*'s Health denies,  
 Down among, &c.  
 Let Love and Wine, their Rites maintain,  
 And their united Pleasures reign ;  
 While *Bacchus*'s Treasure crowns the Board;  
 We'll sing the Joys that both afford ;  
 And he that wont with us comply,  
 Down among, &c.  
 For Love and Wine together join'd,  
 Will drown all Ills, altho' combin'd ;  
 And make Men happy, spite of Fate,  
 Adding to Life a longer Date ;  
 And as for those who this deny,  
 Down among, &c.  
 Let's drink and love, ne'er pensive be,  
 Ne'er vex our Brains about *South-Sea*,  
 May all Stock-jobbers meet the Fate,  
 Of those that chance to sell too late ;  
 And he that won't to this comply,  
 Down among, &c.  
 Then a Health to our Trade, and may Bubbles cease,  
 For that will flourish as they decrease ;  
 And may Stocking and Jobbing dwindle away,  
 Then we may expect a better Day ;  
 And he that won't to this agree,  
 Down, &c.  
 May he be drowned in the *South-Sea*.  
 Come fill, brave Boys, the smiling Bowl,  
 And drink to every *British* Soul ;  
 Who always would our Trade advance,  
 And ne'er like Bubbles took from *France* ;

But those who will in Bubbles be,  
May be drowned, &c.

*The Passionate Squire's Petition.*

**S**EE yonder she swims, and calls her Love,  
and fain would be on Shore ;  
She has one of the fairest Faces,  
that e'er I beheld before :  
And I prithee my Dear, call home my Heart,  
and hear thy true Lover's Charms,  
For the *Phoenix* shall be our Guide, Love,  
and protect us from all Harms.  
A Ship it cannot be built, Love,  
without the help of a Tree,  
And the very Flint-stone shall melt Love,  
if I prove false to thee,  
And if I prove false to thee, my Dear,  
the Rocks they melt in the Sun,  
And the Fire shall freeze like Ice, Love,  
and the Sea shall rage and burn.  
Among the delightful Bowers,  
Wher *Flora* her Mantle spreads,  
With changeable fragrant Flowers,  
rich Garlands do crown our Heads.  
The Lillies, my Dear, shall make us,  
so long as we loyal prove.  
Sweet Creature, thou may'st believe me,  
I love thee more dear than Gold :  
Why should'st thou delight to grieve me ?  
fair beautiful Saint, behold  
I study for thy Promotion,  
Sweet Creature be not unkind.

*The Despairing Lover.*

**S**TILL I'm wishing, still desiring,  
Still she's giving, I requiring,  
Yet each Gift I think too small.



till the more I am presented,  
 till the less I am contented,  
 Tho' she vows she gives me all.

Can *Druzilla* give no more,  
 Has she lavish'd all her Store ?

Must my hopes to nothing fall ?  
 Ah ! You know not half your treasure,  
 Give me more, give over Measure,  
 Yet you'll never give me all.

*The Languishing Lady.*

**W**elcome Death, the Cure of all my Sorrow,  
 Thou alone canst give me Ease ;

Of all Delights my Senses e'er did borrow,  
 None could e'er my Fancy please.

Love has transported me so in Sadness,

That I languish in Despair ;

In all Degrees of Love, I find a Madness,

Which causes all my Grief and Care.

When first these Eyes of mine did view him,

Oh ! how my Heart was inflam'd to Love :

I lost my Senses ever since I knew him,

Since he to me does unconstant prove ;

Love that transports me so to Sadness,

Makes me languish and complain.

Oh ! cruel Cupid, come ease my madness,

Let me no longer grieve in vain.

Farewel Joy, farewell Pleasure,

Farewel all Things of Delight,

For of Sorrow I've had my Measure,

Unto all I bid good Night.

Farewel to him, the Cause of all my weeping,

I hope he will never thrive in Love ;

And she that has gotten his Heart in keeping,

May she for ever unconstant prove.

*The constant Lover's Lamentation.*

**I** Love thee more and more each Day,

Fairest of earthly Creatures,

In Temples I forget to pray,

By gazing on thy Features.

Thy

Thy Face does my free will controul;  
 in thee I have Preservation,  
 Take Pity then, and save thy Dear,  
 Have Pity then, and save her from Vexation:  
 Heaven gave to Man in Paradise  
 Blessings that were not common;  
 But all were Trifles to the Bliss,  
 Of Soul delighting Woman.  
 Love me, whate'er must be my Doom,  
 'Tis thee I am still pursuing,  
 Love me, or else I am undone,  
 I am undone; oh! love, or else I am ruin'd.

*Beautiful Jenny.*

**J**enny has a thousand Charms,  
 Oh! that she were in my Arms;  
 Oh! how brisk we'd pass the pleasing Night,  
 What is softer than her tender Arms;  
 What is sweeter than her melting Charms?  
 When she dies,  
 How bright her Eyes, how white her Thighs,  
 What Treasures, Treasures,  
 Where the Fountain lies.

All the Swains and Shepherds sigh, and bring  
 Crowns and Garlands from the fragrant Spring,  
 And each Shepherdess around  
 Fairy Ground does dance,  
 While Pan doth dance and sing.

*The Maiden's Wish procured.*

**S**ylvia the Fair in the Bloom of fifteen,  
 Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the Green,  
 She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guest,  
 By their tumbling, and towing, and touching her

(Breath

She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close.  
 By their praying and whining, clasping and twining,  
 And panting and wishing, and sighing and kissing,  
 and sighing and kissing so close.

Ah

h ! she cryed ! that a languishing Maid,  
 In a Kingdom of Christians to die without Aid.  
 Not a gentle kind Lover to yield to my Charms,  
 To take me and kiss me within his soft Arms :  
 To instruct a fair Virgin that is at a Loss,  
 What they mean by their sighing and kissing so close,  
 By their praying, &c.

*Cupid* in the Shape of a Swain did appear,  
 He heard the fair Nymph, and he kindly drew near:  
 He shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,  
 For the Pain was no more than a Maiden might bear,  
 Which when she try'd, she was not at a Loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close,  
 By their praying, &c.

Tenderly they in Embraces did meet,

The Nymph was divine, the Swain young and sweet,  
 Those Pleasures he gave, she did double requite,  
 And all their sweet Joys was as silent as Night ;  
 But in the fair Morn she was not at a Loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close,  
 By their praying, &c.

*The Princely Courtship.*

**W**Hat shall I do to shew how much I love her ?  
 How many Millions of Sighs can suffice ?

That which wins other Hearts never can move her,  
 Those common Methods of Love she'll despise ;

I will love more than Man ever lov'd before me,  
 Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night,

Till for her own Sake, at last she'll implore me,  
 To love her less, to preserve our Delight.

Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving,  
 Men must have Breathing, recruit for new Joys,

I wish myself could be always improving,  
 Though eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.

In fair *Aurelia's* Arms leave me expiring,  
 To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath,

To the last moment I'll be desiring,  
 Never had *Hero* so glorious a Death.

*The*

*The Conquering Virgin.*

**W**E all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,  
 its pleasing Powers admire ;  
 But I never saw the Face till now,  
 That like yours could inspire ;  
 Now I may say, I met with one,  
 amazes all Mankind ;  
 And like Men gazing on the Sun,  
 With too much Light am blind.  
 Soft are the tender moving Signs,  
 When longing Lovers meet,  
 Like the divining Prophet's Wife,  
 and like the Roses sweet :  
 Majestick, Gay, Reserv'd, yet free,  
 Each happy Night a Bride ;  
 A Mien like awful Majesty,  
 and yet no Spark of Pride.  
 The Patriarch to gain a Wife,  
 Chaste, beautiful, and young,  
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,  
 and never thought it long ;  
 If Beauty, would award such Care,  
 and Life so long could stay,  
 Not fourteen but fourteen hundred Years,  
 Would seem but as one Day.

*The Complaining Bridegroom.*

**T**WAS early one Morning, the Cock had just  
 (crowd  
 Sing hey ding, ho ding, lantridown derry,  
 My Holiday Cloaths, and Face newly mow'd.  
 with a hey-ding, ho-ding, drink your brown beer  
 The Sky was painted with Scarlet so red,  
 For the Sun was just getting out of his Bed,  
 When *Teresa* and I, went to Church to be sped,  
 With a hey ding, ho ding, shall I come to woe the  
 Hey ding, ho ding, will you buckle to me ?  
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, derry, derry, derry  
 Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, lantridown derry

Her face was as fair as if 't had been in print,  
 sing hey, &c.  
 And her small ferret eyes did lovingly squint,  
 with a hey down, &c.                      plumbs,  
 Yet her mouth had been damag'd with comfits and  
 And herteeth that were useleſs for biting her thumbs  
 Had late, like ill tenants, forſaken her gums.  
 with a hey, &c.  
 But when night came on, and we both were in bed,  
 sing hey, &c.  
 Such itrange things were done, there's no more to  
 sing hey, &c.                      be ſaid,  
 Next morning her head ran a mending her gown;  
 And mine was plagu'd how to pay piper a crown,  
 And ſo we roſe up the ſame fools we lay down,  
 with a hey, &c.

*The Country Dialogue.*

He. **W**HERE oxen do low,  
 And apples do grow;  
 Where corn is ſown,  
 And graſs is mown;  
 Where pigeons do fly,  
 And rooks neſtle high.  
 Fate, give me for life a place.  
 She. Where hay is well cock'd,  
 And udders are ſtroak'd:  
 Where duck and drake,  
 Cry quack, quack, quack;  
 Where turkey's lay eggs,  
 And ſows ſuckle pigs,  
 Oh! there will I paſs my days.  
 He. On naught we will breed,  
 She. But what we do breed,  
 And wear on our backs,  
 He. The wool of our ſlocks  
 She. And tho' linnen feel  
 Rough ſpun from the wheel,  
 'Tis cleanly tho' coarſe it comes.

- He.* Town follies and cullies,  
 And *Mollies* and *Dollies*,  
 For ever adieu, and for ever.  
*She.* And beaux that in boxes,  
 Lie smuggling their doxies,  
 With wigs that hang down to their bums.  
*He.* Good by to the *Mall*,  
 The *Park* and *Canal*,  
 Saint *James's Square*,  
 And flaunters there.  
 The gaming-house too,  
 Where high dice and low,  
 Are manag'd by all degrees :  
*She.* Adieu to the knight  
 That was bubb'd last night,  
 That keeps a blouze,  
 And beats his spouse ;  
 And now in great haste,  
 To pay what h'as lost,  
 Sends home to cut down his trees  
*He.* And well fare the lad,  
*She.* Improves e'ery clod;  
*He.* 'That ne'er sets his hand,  
 To bill or to bond ;  
*She.* Nor barters his flocks,  
 For wine or the pox,  
 To chouse him of half his days.  
*He.* But fishing and fowling,  
 And hunting and bowling,  
 His pastime is ever and ever ;  
*She.* Whose lips when you buz 'em,  
 Smell like the bean-blossom,  
 O he 'tis shall have my praise.  
*He.* To the tavern, where goes,  
 Sower apples and flocs,  
 A long Adieu,  
 And farewell too ;  
 The house of the Great,



Whose cook has no meat,  
And butler can't quench my thirst

*She.* Good-by to the *Change*,  
Where rantepoles range:  
Farewell cold tea,  
And ratafie;  
*Hyde-Park* too, where pride  
In coaches do ride,  
Altho' they be choak'd with dust.

*He.* Farewell the law-gown,

*She.* The plague of the town,

*He.* And foe to the crown,  
That should be run down,

*She.* With city jack daws,  
That make staple-laws,  
To measure by yards and ells;

*He.* Stock-jobbers and swabbers,  
And packers, and tackers,  
For ever adieu, ay, for ever.

*Cho.* We know what you're doing,  
And home we're both going,  
And so you may ring the bells,

*He.* **O**F all comforts I miscarried,  
When I play'd the sot, and married;  
'Tis a trap, there's none need to doubt on't,  
Those that are in't, would fain get out on't.

*She.* Fie, my dear, pray come to bed,  
This napkin take, and bind your head:  
Too much drink your brains has dos'd,  
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

*He.* 'Ouns, 'tis all one, if I'm up or lie down;  
For as soon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

*She.* 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;  
Was I, was I made a wife to lie alone?

*He.* From your arms myself divorcing,  
I this morn must ride a courting:

Sport that far excels a madam,  
Of all wives that have been since *Adam*.

*She*. I, when thus I have lost my due,  
Must hug my pillow, wanting you;  
And whilst you're toping all the day,  
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

*He*. Pox, what care I, take your slops till you die,  
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from

*She*. If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted, (home.  
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray

*He*. E'er I'll be from rambling hinder'd, (come  
I'll renounce both spouse and kindred;  
To be sober I've no liesure,  
What's a man without his pleasure?

*She*. To my grief I then may see,  
Strong Ale and *Nantz* my rivals be;  
When you're toping with your blades,  
Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

*He*. Ouns you may go, to your gossips you know,  
And there if you can meet a friend, pray do.

*She*. Go you joker, go provoker;  
Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

*He*. If I mayn't in town debauch it,  
Then to *Tunbridge* I will coach it,  
And there living woundy merry,  
Drinking of both *Red* and *Sherry*.

*She*. Aye, for water I dare swear,  
That you never will drink there;  
But your wife, at home with scorn,  
May drink water night and morn.

*He*. Pox of the trade, if that you're so mad,  
You may drink on your water till you're dead.

*The*. I believe ye, I'll deceive ye,  
Can I, can I lie alone, d'ye think in Bed?

*He*. Can't you lye alone to ease you?  
Then take who you will to please you;  
I abroad must still be gadding,  
Tho' it sets my wife a madding.

*She*.

- She.* Well, I find you will me tease,  
And take your pleasure and your ease;  
Since it is so, then I will do  
Something daily to vex you.
- He.* Will you do so, then together let's go,  
Lest a cuckold at length I grow.
- She.* Since you starve it, — you deserve it;  
But I, but I am an honest wife, you know.

*The Lover's Question to Cupid.*

**I**F love's a sweet passion, why does it torment?  
If a bitter, oh! tell me, whence comes the content?  
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain?  
Or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain?  
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
That at once it both wounds and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,  
And by passionate silence I make my love known;  
But, oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove  
By some willing mistake to discover her love;  
When in striving to hide it, she reveals all her flame  
And our eyes tell each other what neither can name.  
How pleasant is beauty, how sweet are the charms?  
How delightful embraces? how peaceful her arms?  
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,  
It's taught us on earth, and by all things above;  
To beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,  
For beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

To beauty's bright scepter thus all things do bow,  
'Tis to her that we court, and to her that we woe:  
It so strangely does vanquish, and soften the mind,  
That we yield at first sight to a beauty that's kind:  
'Tis a treasure we doat on, and dream on each night,  
There's nothing but beauty can breed such delight.

As soon as the morning's bright rays I behold,  
(Like a bride deck'd with roses, & rubies & gold)  
Strait I think on fair *Celia*, so divine and so sweet,  
And long for to see her, and sigh at her feet;

Every moment I'm absent, I languish and dye,  
 And I live by the sweetness and beams of her eye.  
 Then grant, O ye powers, that her I may find,  
 Always yielding to love, and most charmingly kind.  
 That at last by entreaties she may be my bride,  
 And I have the honour to lay by her side : (please,  
 Oh, the pleasures that beauty can give when they  
 They can both wound and cure a poor lover at ease.  
 I'll envy no prince, but sweetly will live,  
 Rest contented with pleasure that *Celia* can give ;  
 From all rivals and fears may we always live free,  
 And for ever be happy, and for ever agree :  
 Thus sweetness and innocent freedom will prove,  
 The joys that kind heaven gives to those that do love.

*The Oracle for War.*

**T**O arms, to arms, to arms,  
 Your ensigns now display :  
 Now, now, now, now now, now,  
 set the battle in array ;  
 The oracle for war declares, for war declares ;  
 Success depends, success depends  
 upon your hearts and spears.  
*Britons* strike home,  
 Revenge, revenge your country's wrongs ;  
 Fight, fight and record,  
 Fight, fight and record,  
 yourselves in *Druid's* songs.  
 Enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd,  
 your showers of ball let fly ;  
 Come, come, come, come, come, come,  
 let us win the day, or die ;  
 The honour of the field we have, the field we have  
 with loud huzza's, with loud huzza's,  
 Press on them bold and brave,  
 The honour of the field.  
*Britons* maintain your rights, your rights,  
 by conquering blows ;

Down, down with the pride,

Down, &c.

Of our late vanquish'd foes,

Down, down with the pride,

Down, &c.

of our late vanquish'd foes.

Let's rouse, let's rouse, let's rouse, let's rouse,

the *british* lion bold ;

See how how how how how how,

his heroick eyes roll'd ;

While silver trumpets sound a charge,

Charge front and rear ;

Break thro' their ranks, break thro' their ranks,

while silver trumpets sound,

Let them be drove

before, before your conquering arms,

And cause them to dread,

And, &c.

*Great Britain's* loud alarms ;

And cause them to dread,

And, &c.

*Great Britain's* loud alarms.

*The Forlorn Lover.*

O Yes, O yes, O yes, O yes, I cry,

Tell me you loving standers by,

If you a wand'ring heart did see,

Which lately took, which lately took

its flight from me.

The marks I will describe to you,

Such hearts you'll see there are but few ;

'Tis milder than the tender dove,

And round the same, and round, &c.

a chain of love.

Just in the middle of the heart,

There sticks a fatal golden dart,

From whence streams of blood does flow ;

Pray did you meet, pray, &c.

this heart or no ?

*Cupid* a fatal arrow sent,  
 And forc'd it from it's element ;  
 Or it had never gone I'm sure :  
 Great is the loss, great is the loss,

which I endure.

Search all the vallies, hills, and plains,  
 And shady groves where *Cupid* reigns,  
 To find my wounded bleeding heart ;  
 You'll know it by, you'll know it by

the golden dart.

If you by fortune find it there,  
 Conduct it home to me with care,  
 And you shall well rewarded be,  
 For such like kind, for such like kind

Fidelity.

Perhaps my heart you may behold,  
 Among the lambs in *Cupid's* fold ;  
 Confined like a captive slave,  
 If so, one boon, if so one boon

of *Cupid* crave.

Intreat him that he'd be so kind,  
 As not to keep my heart confin'd ;  
 Tell him what grief I undergo,  
 And how my eyes, and how my eyes,

like fountains flow.

Who knows but he to comfort me,  
 May set my heart at liberty,  
 Which favour if I once obtain,  
 My heart shall ne'er, my heart shall ne'er

be lost again.

Close in my breast I'll lock it fast,  
 And there as long as life shall last,  
 I'll keep it close, no charms I'll view,  
 Because I find, because I find.

what love can do

It conquers kings and noble peers,  
 It makes the valiant soul shed tears.

Wounds.



Wounding their hearts and courage too;  
 All this and more, all this and more,  
 fond love can do.

*The Careless Gallant.*

**O**H, Molly! my pretty Molly,  
 come here and sit thee down by me,  
 And tell to me what is the reason,  
 that I am slighted so by thee:  
 I wish that I had been more wiser;  
 but she was fairer than all the rest:  
 For the first time that e'er I saw her,  
 she kindled fire in my breast.  
 O take away this foolish fancy  
 that does torment my tender brains;  
 For I take delight in no such lasses,  
 that seek to slight me with disdain.  
 Oh come sit neatly and compleatly,  
 sing commendation to my love;  
 My heart is altogether with her,  
 altho' I am not with my love.  
 When I am walking I am thinking  
 of her, I cannot take no rest.  
 Tho' every moment my mind is on her,  
 my love is fixed in her breast.  
 But time will make an end of all things,  
 and love will make an end of me;  
 But sure there is no place of torment,  
 will punish her for slighting me.  
 Why should I love her, and cannot see her?  
 if I don't speak how shall I speed;  
 If I should write my love a letter,  
 she will say she cannot read.  
 Oh! take away this golden locket,  
 and bring to me the branch also;  
 I have lost my love, and that is the reason,  
 that is the cause of all my woe.  
 If there be any one that asks me,  
 what makes me go in this attire,

I've lost my love, and that's the reason,  
 that I am cross'd in my desire.  
 Upon my head I'll wear no willow,  
 nor yet no pearl upon my brow,  
 I bid adieu to melancholy,  
 for I have gain'd my freedom now.  
 If I must wear this mournful willow,  
 and will a wooing go a-new,  
 If there be any one that loves me,  
 come away, and tell me now,  
 How a green garland does become me,  
 for I am forc'd to wear it now.  
 This willow is a wav'ring flower,  
 all in the spring-time of the year,  
 Young men may lose many an hour,  
 that kiss and court, and ne'er the near.  
 See how the clouds gather together,  
 all for to hide the glorious sun,  
 But we hope for better weather,  
 when our love-storms are done.

*The Bonny Grey-ey'd Morn.*

**T**HE bonny grey-ey'd morn began to peep,  
 when *Jockey* rous'd with love came blithly on,  
 And I, who wishing lay, depriv'd of sleep,  
 abhor'd the lazy hours that flow did run;  
 But muckle was my joy, when in my view,  
 I from the window spy'd my only dear,  
 I took the wings of love, and to him flew,  
 for I had fancied all my heav'n was there.  
 Upon my bosom *Jockey* laid his head,  
 and sighing told me pretty tales of love.  
 My yielding heart, at every word he said,  
 did flutter up and down, and strangely move:  
 He sighing kiss'd my hand, and vow'd and swore,  
 that I had o'er his heart a conquest gain'd;  
 Then blushing begg'd that I would grant him more,  
 which he, alas, too soon, too soon obtain'd. Not

Not that I do repent I did comply,  
 but this I needs must own, my yielding heart;  
 Was quickly overcome by *Jockey's* eye;  
 which gave a deeper wound than *Cupid's* dart:  
 His cheeks was cherry-red, his lips the same;  
 his tongue so many charms could still express,  
 That e'ery word he said did raise new flame,  
 and kindled amorous fire in my breast.  
 My *Jockey* does a thousand ways beside;  
 expresses himself in tender love to me;  
 With arms about my waist, he sighing cry'd,  
 O give me my content, or else I must die:  
 Then with a gentle kiss does beg again,  
 that his poor wounded heart I would but cure;  
 Not thinking that I felt his love-sick pain,  
 for I alas! was his, was his before.  
 And now I could no longer hide my pain,  
 but let my dearest *Jockey* know my heart;  
 O how he hugg'd me in his arms again,  
 and e'ery kiss he gave did ease my smart:  
 Then vowing o'er and o'er between each kiss,  
 he constant would remain while life did last;  
 Now tell me lover, where's the hurt of this,  
 for to enjoy when that the knot is fast.

*Jockey's Love to Moggy.*

C O M E sweet lass,  
 'Tis bonny weather,  
 Let's together;  
 Come sweet lass,  
 Let's trip it o'er the grass;  
 Every where,  
 Poor *Jockey* seeks his dear,  
 And if she don't appear,  
 He sees no beauty there,  
 On our green,  
 The loons are sporting,  
 Piping, courting;  
 On our green,  
 The blithest lads are seen;

There all day  
 Our lassies dance and play,  
 And e'ery one is gay,  
 But, I when you're away,  
 Jenny bright,  
 With little Francis,  
 Skips and dances,

(By this light)

A very pretty sight

Every swain,  
 That moves upon the plain,  
 For Jenny feels a pain,  
 But I, and all in vain.

Hark! the crowd,  
 To mirth invites us,  
 And delights us.

Hark! the crowd,

The piper pipes aloud,

Then let's move,

Their tunes inspire love;

And if I cannot prove

So kind, forgive me *Jove*.

The good Housewife: Or, a Tidy One.

**N**OT long ago I married a wife,

A tidy housewife, a tidy one;

She makes me weary of my life,

She makes me weary, &c

And I think she proves a tidy one.

I sent her to market to buy me a hen, &c.

She lies a bed till the clock strikes ten, &c.

She may well be counted the queen of sluts, &c.

She roasted a hen both feathers and guts, &c.

She meant to fill my belly full, &c.

She dress'd a sheep's head both horns and wool, &c.

She went to make my pudding fat, &c.

And in she let her nose to drop, &c.

She laid the cheese upon the skeif, &c.

She let it alone till it turn'd itself, &c.

She

She hung on the kettle without any water,  
 The bottom came out, and the sides came after, &c.  
 She sweeps the house but once a year, &c.  
 And then she tells me brooms are dear, &c.  
 For cleanliness she will not fail, &c.  
 Instead of the vault makes use of the pail, &c.  
 For mending of cloaths, I had like to forgot, &c.  
 Instead of patches she ties them in knots, &c.  
 At the alehouse she loves to tippie and funk, &c.  
 She seldom comes home until she be drunk, &c.  
 For scolding, her part it good she will make, &c.  
 With any one at Billingsgate. &c.  
 A beauteous creature she is without doubt,  
 A tidy housewife, a tidy one.  
 For her tawny face is as rough as a colt,  
 Which makes her to look like a tidy one :  
 Besides she has gotten a fine beetle-brow,  
 A tidy housewife, a tidy one ;  
 A delicate snout much like a sow,  
 Which makes her look like a tidy one.  
 The tidy Housewife well-match'd.

**M**Y husband of his wife does cry,  
 A tidy housewife, a tidy one,  
 And he has as many faults as I.  
 And I think he proves a tidy one.  
 Good people mind, and you shall hear,  
 Of a careful husband, a careful one.  
 He paid for water instead of small-beer,  
 I think he proves a careful one.  
 Men came for taxes for the king,  
 Instead of two groats, a crown he did fling.  
 At the tavern all night he will be,  
 He drinks till he neither can speak or see :  
 When all his money is spent and gone,  
 He reels home by the light of the sun,  
 And when he to his wife does come,  
 He thumps her bones for what he has done ;  
 To save the sheets from being tore,  
 He makes his wife lie on the floor ;

His squinting eyes and drivelling chin, &c.  
 With a pair of breeches bepist within, &c.  
 Besides his cleanliness is such, &c.  
 He'll scarce out of bed to ease his breech, &c.  
 Each day that he goes to work, &c.  
 The money he gets, he spends with a jirk, &c.  
 Oh woman, take care of marrying a sot, &c.  
 You've heard by this song, what has been my lot.

*The Amorous Youth, or, Coy Madam.*

**A**S I was walking forth one morning fair,  
 I lean'd my body against a tree,  
 And I espy'd a well-favour'd lass,  
 as she came over the plain to me.  
 She was fair all in the face,  
 as ever was damsel under the sun;  
 I asked her, how old she was;  
 she answer'd me, I am too young.  
 I am too young to make a wife,  
 and I shall be a shame to all my kin,  
 Then prithee go from me, come to me no more,  
 for you are not like my love to win.  
 I took her about the middle so small,  
 and upon the green grass I laid her along;  
 For once or twice I serv'd her so,  
 and found she was never a day too young.  
 Now you have had your will of me,  
 you have robb'd me of my liberty,  
 To put me out of all sorrow and care,  
 tell me when my wedding day shall be.  
 For thy wedding-day take thou no care,  
 for I will never be married to thee,  
 For all the pastime that e'er I had,  
 you've had as good a share as me,  
 For as you may brew, so you may bake,  
 and I prithee love do not tarry too long,  
 But carry your great belly home to your aunt,  
 and tell her, you're never a day too young.



For all the best counsel I can give,  
if you brew good ale you may drink of the same;  
And when you have done, drink out of the tun,  
and carry the tunnil-dish home again.

*Love for Money: Or, the Boarding-School.*

**M**AKE your honours miss, *tol.*  
Now to me child, *tol.*  
Airy and easy, *tol.*  
Very well done, miss, *tol.*  
Raise your body, *tol.*  
Then you will in time rise, *tol.*  
Hold up your head, miss, *tol.*  
Wipe your nose, child, *tol.*  
When I press on you, *tol.*  
Fall back easy, miss, *tol.*  
Keep out your toes too, *tol.*  
Then you'll learn presently, *tol.*  
Bear your hips swimmingly, *tol.*  
Keep your eyes languishing, *tol.*  
Zoons, where's your ears now, *tol.*  
Leave off your jirking, *tol.*  
Keep your Knees open, *tol.*  
Else you will never do, *tol.*  
If you love me miss, *tol.*  
You shall dance rarely, child, *tol.*  
You are a fortune, miss, *tol.*  
And you must be married, child, *tol.*  
Give me your money, miss, *tol.*  
Then I will give you my *tol.*  
Look upon me, miss, *tol.*  
Hold in your chin, child, *tol.*  
Keep your arms strait too, *tol.*  
Move along smoothly, *tol.*  
Cross over here, miss, *tol.*  
Where are you running now? *tol.*  
Zoons, mind the musick, *tol.*  
Give me your hand now, *tol.*  
Where was your copy there? *tol.*

Child,

Child, you mind nothing, *tol*,  
 Come do this o'er again, *tol*,  
 You may be perfect at ——— *tol*,  
 Miss, where's your quarteridge, *tol*,  
 There's my good child, miss, *tol*,  
 Come, begin this again, *tol*,  
 Very well done, miss, *tol*,  
 You will dance finely, child, *tol*,  
 For you become it well, *tol*,  
 Keep yourself steady, miss, *tol*,  
 Thrust out your breasts, child, *tol*,  
 Now you're a dainty miss, *tol*,  
 Hither to me child, *tol*,  
 Softly, your honour now, *tol*,  
 Walk to your place, *tol*.

*The Indian Weed: Or, A true Moral between a  
 Man's life, and a Pipe of Tobacco.*

**T**obacco is but an *Indian weed*,  
 Grows green in the morn, cut down at eve,  
 Shews our decay, that we're but clay;  
 Think of this when you smoak tobacco.  
 The pipe that is so lilly white,  
 In which some men do take delight,  
 'Tis broke with a touch, man's life is such,  
 Think of this, &c.  
 The smoak that doth ascend so high,  
 Shews that we are but vanity,  
 'Tis all earthly stuff, and is gone with a puff;  
 Think of this, &c.  
 The pipe which is so foul within,  
 Shews how mens souls are stain'd with sin,  
 It doth require to be purg'd with fire,  
 Think of this, &c.  
 The ashes that are left behind,  
 Is for to put us all in mind,  
 That we came from dust, and return we must.  
 Think of this, &c.

*The Jolly Breeze.*

**T**HE jolly, jolly breeze,  
 That came whistling through the trees,  
 Eorth all, a--ll her blifsful regions,  
 Perf--mes upon her spicy wings,  
 And with her wanton, wanton, wanton,  
 Wanton, wanton, wanton motion,  
 Curling, curling, curling the chrystal rills,  
 That down, down, down, down, down the hills,  
 Are still, still running, still a running down the gol-  
 den purling stream,

A lovely charming maid,  
 Whom *Cupid* had betray'd,  
 By the purling stream sat lamenting of her dear,  
 And blaming cruel fate for being so severe;  
 Sighing, said my *Strephon* he has left me;  
 Joy and pleasure, joy and pleasure, joy and pleasure,  
 Joy and pleasure I must bid adieu;  
 Since that, that, that, my love has prov'd untrue;  
 While I by this river, this river, this river,  
 While I by this river am oppress'd with sorrow.  
 There is no torment sure,  
 Like what I endure;  
 Since *Stre--phon* he causes my grief and care,  
 For lo--ve I am in deep despair.  
 You powers, you powers, you powers,  
 You powers above, oh! pity my condition;  
 Since my jewel, my jewel, my jewel,  
 Since my jewel is so severe,  
 To leave, leave, leave, leave, his dearest dear,  
 For to sigh and languish, sigh and languish,  
 Sigh and languish by this chrystal river.  
 He often promis'd me,  
 Most faithful for to be,  
 And many times he often vow'd and swore,  
 That no other but me he did adore;

He

He had a thousand thousand thousand,  
 Thousand thousand ways to win me,  
 With his charming, charming tongue ;  
 But soon, soon, soon this false forsworn,  
 Forgot all his vows, forgot all  
 His vows, his vows, which formerly he made to me  
 For now this cruel he,  
 Has proved false to me.  
 And now others do pursue,  
 And bids his *Cynthia* quite adieu.  
 His cruelty, his cruelty, his cruelty,  
 His cruelty has prov'd my fatal ruin,  
 Wordly treasure, joy and pleasure,  
 Now I bid farewell ;  
 For by, by, by, by this purling stream I'll dwell,  
 For ever, ever mourn, ever mourn,  
 Till death doth end our Sorrow.

*The Happy Pair.* /

**I** *Anthe* the lovely, the joy of her swain,  
 By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again ;  
 She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,  
 Their pleasure were equal, and equal their care ;  
 No time of enjoyment their dotage withdrew,  
 But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd  
 still the sonder they grew.  
 A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,  
 Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the swain  
 Some swore 'twould be pity their loves to invade,  
 That the lovers alone for each other was made ;  
 But all, all consented that none ever knew,  
 A nymph yet so kind, a nymph yet so kind,  
 Or a shepherd more true.  
 For in the beginning of love we do find (k  
 They strove in their love, which should prove me  
 The swain and the nymph by the dawn of the da  
 With innocent love pass the minutes away.  
 In each others arms, give these lovers their due,  
 They always were constant, they always, &c.  
 and always were true.

And several Years their true love has gone on,  
 And they are as loving as when first they begun.  
 No end there's of loving, the nymph she doth cry,  
 No, no, says the shepherd, I'll love till I die:  
 So loving this pair was, so constant and true,  
 That the longer they lov'd, the longer they lov'd,  
 Still the fonder they grew.  
 Jove saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take care  
 Of the faithful, the tender, and innocent pair;  
 What either did want, he bid either to move,  
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love.  
 'Twas all that to bless them his godhead could do,  
 That they still might be kind, that they still, &c.  
 And they still might be true.

*The Happy Groves.*

O H! happy, happy groves,  
 witness of our tender loves;  
 O happy, happy shade,  
 where first our vows we made.  
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,  
 looks would charm a Jove,  
 A thousand pretty things she said,  
 and all was love:  
 But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,  
 and forsakes the shady groves;  
 When I speak of mutual joys,  
 she knows not what I mean:  
 Wanton glances, fond caresses,  
 Now no more are seen.  
 Since the false deluding fair  
 left the flow'ry green.  
 Mourn ye nymphs that sporting play'd,  
 where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;  
 There the secret wound she gave,  
 when I was made her slave.  
 never, never knew,  
 what the power of love could do,

Till

Till beauty from her eye,  
 did seize me by surprize,  
 Beauty full of angel's glory,  
 then the dart I felt;  
 Thus I was taught the way to love,  
 my soul did melt.  
 Then with lover's wings I flew.  
 From my present station, to  
 Fair *Corinna*, whom I see  
 on the rural plain.  
 Me with kisses and caresses  
 she did entertain;  
 But she's false and perjur'd now,  
 and my hopes are all in vain;  
 Oh the anguish of my mind  
 keeps my yielding soul confin'd,  
 Tho' she does unconstant prove,  
 I must live and die in love.  
 I will wander for her sake,  
 Since she will no pity take,  
 Thro' many desarts where,  
 with sighs of sad despair,  
 Many valleys, hills and mountains,  
 shall with grief resound:  
 No fatal dart did ever make  
 so deep a wound  
 In a lover's breast before,  
 yet she will not my joys restore:  
 Then I must her captive be,  
 and devoted slave.  
 Sighing, weeping, never sleeping,  
 till I find the grave;  
 Since of love I am deny'd,  
 no joy I have;  
 In her arms my rival lies,  
 having gained now the prize:  
 It will my destruction prove,  
 so farewell the joys of love.



*The Friar and the Nun.*

**A** lovely lass to a friar came,  
 to confess in the morning early;  
 What, my dear, are you to blame,  
 come tell to me sincerely;  
 have done sir, what I dare not name,  
 with a man that loves me dearly.  
 The greatest fault of my self I know,  
 is what I now discover:  
 You for that crime to *ROME* must go,  
 and discipline must suffer;  
 Lack-a-day, sir, if it must be so,  
 you must with me send my lover  
 Oh, no, no, no, my dear you dream,  
 we must have no double-dealing;  
 But if you'll repeat to me the same,  
 I'll pardon that past failing:  
 I must own, sir, but I blush for shame,  
 your penance is prevailing.  
 Then all her faults to him straightway,  
 she fairly did discover;  
 See that no more you go astray,  
 this time thou shalt not suffer;  
 Thou art pardon'd from this very day,  
 and I'll send to you your lover.  
 He gave her then a parting kiss,  
 and what he did require,  
 With something else which I shall miss,  
 'twas what he did admire.  
 No offence, my dear, I hope, said she,  
 since it is with an honest friar;  
 O no, no, no, my dear, said he,  
 it is no more than duty;  
 At any time I will be free,  
 my dear for to come unto thee,  
 And at Mass, love, I'll remember thee,  
 and think of thy charming beauty.

*The Charming Breeze.*

O H! the charming month of *Moay*,  
 When the breezes fan the trees,  
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay;  
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay;  
 Oh! the charming month of *May*,  
 Charming, charming month of *May*.

Oh! what joys our prospect yields,  
 In a new livery when we see every  
 Bush and meadow, tree and field,  
 Bush, &c.

Oh! what joys our prospect yields,  
 Oh! what, &c.

Oh! how fresh the morning air,  
 When the zephyrs and the heifers.  
 Their odoriferous breaths compare, &c.  
 Oh! how fresh the morning air, &c.

Oh! how fine our ev'ning walk,  
 When the nightingale delighting,  
 With her song suspends our talk, &c.  
 Oh! how fine our evening walk, &c.

Oh! how sweet at night to dream,  
 On mossy pillows, by the willows,  
 Of a gentle purling stream, &c.  
 Oh! how sweet at night to dream, &c.

Oh! how kind the country lass,  
 Who for cow bilking leaves her milking,  
 For a green-gown upon the grass, &c.  
 Oh! how kind the country lass, &c.

*The Mournful Damsel's Tragedy.*

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,  
 with hollow blasts of wind,  
 A damsel lay deploring,  
 all on a rock reclin'd,  
 Wide o'er the rowling billows  
 she cast a wishful look,  
 Her head was crown'd with willows,  
 that trembl'd o'er the brook.

twelve months were gone and over,  
 and nine long tedious days;  
 Why did you venturous lover?  
 why did you cross the seas?  
 cease, cease, then cruel ocean,  
 and let my lover rest,  
 What is thy troubled motion,  
 to that within my breast?  
 The merchant robb'd of pleasure,  
 views tempests in despair;  
 But what's the loss of treasure,  
 to the losing of my dear:  
 Should you some coast be laid on,  
 where gold and diamonds grow,  
 you'd find some richer maiden,  
 but none that loves you so.  
 How can they say that nature,  
 has nothing made in vain,  
 Why then beneath the water,  
 doth hideous rocks remain?  
 No eyes the rocks discover,  
 that lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wandering lover,  
 and leave the maid to weep.

*The Constant Swain.*

**L**OOK, look from the window, my dear,  
 See, see your lover in pomp appear;  
 Make, make me your own while you may;  
 My mind it may alter another day;  
 Don't, don't be a fool and refuse;  
 Think, think what a jewel you lose,  
 Lest when 'tis too late, you may curse your sad fate,  
 And so hang yourself in a noose.  
*Phyllis* from her window did peep,  
 O my dear *Strephon*, said she, is it you?  
 I'll put on my gown and down stairs creep,  
 And bid my dear friends for ever adieu:

For

For who will stay that's so confin'd,  
With parents that are so unkind!  
No, no, said she, this moment I'll be with thee,  
Aye, and that you shall presently find.

Young *Strephon* said to his sweet dear,  
I fear you'll be betray'd,  
For if they should chance to hear,  
As you come down, my love, I'm afraid,  
Then both of us will be undone,  
And sorrow will be our doom;  
Yet dress you, my dear, for you need not fear,  
But I'll take you safe out of my room.

Then strait he contrived a way,  
For to fair *Phillis* his love was true;  
Ann thus to his charmer did say,  
This I have done for the sake of you;  
Then on a soft pillow of down,  
From her window unto the ground,  
He caught his true lover, that none might discover,  
What great joys in these lovers abound.

*The Forsaken Swain.*

**M**Y love she does slight me I needs must complain  
Her absence to me is a tormenting pain;  
The powers above grant assistance to me,  
And be kind to my lover wherever she be;  
My father separated me quite from my dear,  
Which caused me many a sorrowful tear:  
In sleeping I sing, and waking I cry,  
It is all for the sake of my jewel I die.  
O had I wings like the swift turtle dove,  
I'd fly in the air to find out my love;  
O what's all the riches in this world to me,  
Since I cannot enjoy my love's company.  
Another man's bride my lover became;  
It sorely did surprize me, I soon did awake,  
And if it comes to pass, my heart it will break.

My Life she has Eyes like the bright silver Stream,  
 Her snowy Breast like the white Swan that swims,  
 Her Features and good Nature all other doth excel,  
 There is none in the World I can fancy so well.  
 Or had I all the Riches that is on the *Spanish* Shore,  
 Or had I all the Bags of Gold that *Misers* adore;  
 Or had I all the Riches that ever I did see,  
 I would freely give it all for my Love's Company.  
 My Love she doth down in the *North* Country bide,  
 Cloathed with Hill and Mountain on every side,  
 She excels all the Maids in the *North* Country.

*The right and true Answer to Sweet William.*

**W** Here is my sweet *William*, where is my dear?  
 Tost on the Billows to and fro,

Sometimes as high as Mountain tops,  
 Then sinking down the Waves below:  
 Thus like my wandering Heart the Ship does move;  
 And like my wandering, and like my wandering  
 Fancy, it does rove.

Sometimes in silent sleep I see  
 The ship with full spread sails come in,  
 With Watermen so neat and trim,  
 For to convey me safe to him;  
 Come hale the ship, ye Sailors tell to me,  
 If my sweet *William*, if my sweet *William*  
 Now alive may be.

Then I do see him swiftly fly,  
 For to receive me in his Arms;  
*Susan*, says he, welcome on board,  
 I do admire thy beauteous Charms.  
 A thousand Kisses he does on me bestow,  
 While the ship softly, while the ship softly  
 Is wavering to and fro.

Millions of Raptures I enjoy,  
 Fair *Helen*, with all her Beauty bright,  
 By *Paris* could not be admired more,  
 Than I by *William*, my heart's delight;

But when I awake, like *Rosamond* fair I see,  
 Love's but a Fable, Love's but a Fable,  
 All my Comforts flee.

How does my Heart then panting lie,  
 When I do find its but a dream,  
*William* is on the Ocean wide,  
 Not by his *Susan* to be seen;  
 O *Neptune*! pray be kind unto my Dear,  
 And quick convey him, and quick convey him  
 Back, my Soul to chear.

*Boreas*, instead of blustering storms,  
 Breathe but a sweet and pleasant Gale,  
 That swiftly o'er the purling streams  
 My dearest Love may safely sail:  
 Ye Mermaids with your harmony so sweet,  
 Charm my sweet *William*, charm my sweet *William*  
 To his silent sleep.

And when they do to harbour come,  
 Winds whisper gently in his Ear,  
 Like unto Lightning I would fly,  
*William*, thy constant heart to chear,  
 The Boat so willingly row to the Ship-side,  
 Calling for *William*, calling for *William*,  
 To receive his Bride.

*The Labouring Lover.*

I'LL range around the shady Bowers,  
 And gather all the sweetest Flowers,  
 I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,  
 To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the sultry heat of Day,  
 My thirsting Nymph does panting lay,  
 I'll hasten to the River brink  
 And drain the Floods but she shall drink.

At Night to rest her weary Head,  
 I'll make my Love a grassy Bed;  
 And with green Bows I'll form a shade,  
 That nothing may her Rest invade.



And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,  
Myself shall never close those Eyes :  
But gazing still with fond delight,  
I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

And then as soon as chearful Day,  
Defies the darksome shades away,  
Forth to the Forest I'll repair,  
To seek Provision for my Dear.

Thus will I spend the Day and Night,  
Still mixing labour with delights,  
Regarding nothing I endure,  
So I can Rest for her procure.

But if the Nymph whom thus I love,  
Should ever false or faithless prove ;  
I'll seek some dismal distant shore,  
And never think of Woman more.

*The Apprentice's Affection to his Sweet-heart Sally.*

**O**F all the Girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
and she lives in our Alley.

There is no Lady in the Land,  
is half so sweet as Sally,  
She is the darling of my heart,  
and she lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage-nets,  
and through the Streets doth cry them,  
Her Mother she sells Laces long,  
to such as please to buy them :

But sure such Folk could ne'er beget  
so sweet a Girl as Sally ;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
and lives in our Alley.

When Sally's by I leave my work,  
(I love her so sincerely ;)

My Master comes like any Turk,  
and bangs me most severely,  
But let him bang his Belly full,  
I'll bear it all for Sally ;

She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our Alley.  
 Of all the days that's in the week,  
 I dearly love but one day :  
 And that's the day that comes betwixt  
 a *Saturday* and *Monday*,  
 For then I'm dress'd (all in my best)  
 to walk abroad with *Sally*;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 and she lives in our Alley.  
 My Master carries me to Church,  
 and sorely I am blamed :  
 Because I leave him in the Lurch,  
 as soon as Text is named :  
 I leave the Church in Sermon time,  
 and flink away to *Sally*,  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 and she lives in our Alley.  
 When *Christmas* comes about again,  
 O then I shall have Money,  
 I'll hoard it up, my Box and all,  
 and give it to my Honey :  
 I would it were ten thousand Pound;  
 I'd give it all to *Sally*;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 and she lives in our Alley.  
 My Master and the Neighbours all  
 make Game of me and *Sally*;  
 And but for her, I'd better be  
 a Slave and row in Galley;  
 But when my seven long Years are out,  
 O then I'll marry *Sally*,  
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
 but not in our Alley,

*The Love-sick Maid's Ramble to the Grouse, with Re-*  
*solution never to see Man more.*

**T**O little or no purpose I have spent all my days,  
 In ranging the Park, the Exchange, and the  
 Plays,

But

But never in my Ramble was so happy to prove,  
So happy to meet with the Man that I love.

I always did admire how Maids could love Men,  
When the Maids fall sick, and Men love not again:  
My Passion should kill me before I would show it,  
But yet I would give all the world he did know it.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,  
Than one that has a Fever, when he shall be well;  
But O! I cry out, I shall die for a Man,  
For I find I must love him, let me do what I can.  
Tho' he nothing says, yet I love him the more;  
O tell me, good *Cupid*, the Reason make plain,  
Why I must love one that loves me not again.

Each Night I dream of him, my mind's fore oppress'd  
And when I am waking my Heart's not at rest;  
Thus every Minute he runs in my Mind;  
And the more I do love him, the more he's unkind.

Were I ugly, or ancient, or Fortune had none,  
Then he'd be i'th right on't to let me alone;  
But thanks to my Stars, a good Fortune I have,  
I am comely, aye young, but to Love I'm a Slave:

And the more I do sigh, and the more I complain,  
Still the more I him love, I think he does disdain;  
Yet e'er that my Passion I'll ever discover,  
I'll die for the Man that is no ways my Lover.

Young *Cupid*, why threw you at random you dart,  
And wound thus an innocent young Maiden's heart?  
I think in my Conscience you're uncivil grown,  
Not to wound him I love, or let my Heart alone.

Well, since it is so, to some Grove or some Bowet  
I'll travel, and send ev'ry Day, and each Hour,  
In thoughts of the Man whom I love without measure,  
And so live intire from the World and its Pleasure.

In the Morning by Day-light, when the Boughs  
(round me cling,  
I may hear the Robin-red breast, and the Nightin-  
(gal sing;

And the kind Turtle-dove, while his mate hedgeswooe,  
For in Love there is nothing like Turtle so true.

Now for ever farewell to the Man I adore,  
 For he nor no other, 'I'll ever see more;  
 Tho' my Passion be great, yet I make this Reply,  
 E'er to him I will shew it, this minute I'll die.

*The Loyal Englishman: Or, a Health to all  
 honest Men.*

**E**very Man take a Glas in his Hand,  
 And drink a good Health to the King;  
 Many Years may he rule o'er this Land,  
 may his Lawrels for ever fresh Spring;  
 Let wrangling and jangling straitway cease,  
 Let every Man strive for his Country's Peace;

Neither Tory nor Whig,

With their Parties look big;

Here's a health to all honest Men

'Tis not owning a whimsical Name,

That makes a Man honest and just;

Let him fight for his Country's Fame,

And impartial at home, if in Trust;

'Tis that which proves him an honest Soul,

His health we will drink in a brimsful Bowl;

Then leave off all Debates,

And no Confusion create, &c.

Here's a &c.

When a Company's honestly met,

With an intent to be jolly and gay,

Their drooping Souls to whet,

And drown the fatigue of the Day;

What madness it is thus to dispute,

When neither side can this Man confute;

When you've said what you dare,

You're just where you were,

Here's a, &c.

Then agree, you true Britons agree,

And ne'er quarrel about a Nick-name;

Let you Enemies trembling see,

That an *Englishman's* always the same;

For our King, our Church, our Laws, and Right,  
 let's lay all our Feuds, and strait unite;

Then who need care a Fig,

Who's Tory or a Whig,

Here's a, &c.

*be innocent loving Pleasure between Dorinda and  
 her Swain.*

**F**Air *Dorinda* sitting was  
 beneath a shady Tree,  
 such I did express to her,  
 and she the like to me;  
 but when I kiss her pretty Lips,  
 and prest her to be kind,  
 she cry'd O no, but I remember,  
 Young Mens Words are Wind;  
 I hugg'd her till her Breath grew short,  
 and further did intrude;  
 she sigh'd and sobb'd with modesty,  
 and told me I was rude;  
 I ask'd her Pardon twenty times,  
 and seem'd concerned in;  
 But like a bold presumptuous Sinner  
 I did the like again.  
 Until at last by dalliance rais'd,  
 her pretty tame desires,  
 Her inclinations equal was,  
 and mutual was requir'd;  
 But in the height of Joy she cry'd,  
 O! I am undone, I fear,  
 O stick me, kill me, stick me, kill me,  
 kill me quite, my Dear:  
 With that reply'd the youthful Swain,  
 my dear *Dorinda*, why  
 Do you with sighs and sobs complain,  
 and your true Love so nigh;  
 If I have been too bold, my Dear,  
 pardon me once again,  
 And you shall find that I will ever,  
 constant to you remain.

*The Black Joak.*

**T**Here was a Lady came out of *France*,  
 All for to learn an *English* dance ;  
 With a coal black Joak, that will lather like Soap,  
 For the hair of her Joak will draw more than a Rope  
 With a black Joak and Belly so white.

We Girls of the Town are Ladies of pleasure,  
 We go to the Tavern and stich at our leisure,  
 With her coal black, &c.

We have such ways to draw Men in,  
 We'd rather stich than learn to spin,  
 With a coal black, &c.

In comes *Phillis* then in a great hurry  
 And swears d--n her S--l she'll stich without money  
 With her black, &c.

She follow'd me from Lane to Lane,  
 Picking my Pockets quite so clean,  
 With a coal black, &c.

Of all the Colours that are in the Town,  
 A red, a flaxen, a grey, or a brown,  
 Give me a black, &c.

Remember you Gallants that follow the Game,  
 We *French* Ladies first gave you sauce for the same,  
 With a coal black, &c.

It is our delight to pick up a Spark,  
 To walk with at Night in the Garden or Park,  
 With a coal black, &c.

You Sparks of *St. James's*, and likewise *Pall-mall*  
 Pd have you take care of this Frenchify'd Girl,  
 With her black Joak, &c.

*The Wheel of Life.*

**T**HE Wheel of Life,  
 Is quickly turning round,  
 And nothing in this World  
 of Certainty is found ;  
 The Midwife wheels us in,  
 and Death wheels us out ;  
 Good lack, good lack,  
 how things are wheel'd about.



Some few aloft On Fortune's  
 Wheel do go,  
 And as they mount up high,  
 the others tumble low :  
 For this we all agree, That  
 Fate at first did will,  
 That this great Wheel should  
 never once stand still.  
 The Courtier turns to gain  
 his private Ends,  
 Till he's so giddy grown,  
 he quite forgets his Friends ;  
 Prosperity oft times deceive  
 the proud and vain,  
 And wheels about so fast,  
 it turns them out again.  
 Some turn to this, to that,  
 and every way,  
 And cheat and scrape To purchase,  
 one poor Day.  
 But this is far below the  
 generous hearted Man,  
 Who lives and makes The most  
 of Life he can,  
 And thus we're wheel'd About,  
 in Life's short Farce,  
 Till at last we are wheel'd off  
 in a rumbling Hearse.  
 The Midwife wheels us in,  
 and Death wheels us out,  
 Good lack, good lack,  
 how we are wheel'd about.

*The White Joak.*

**L** A D S come hither, and listen a while,  
 And this Song will make you to smile :  
 Nancy's a Girl that's fit for an Earl ;  
 Her Lips are as soft as the Wax ;  
 She's a Leg and Foot would invite a Man to't,  
 And her Joak is as white as the Flax.

She's

She's a Girl with a Forehead so high,  
 And a delicate rowling Eye ;  
 Her Mouth and Nose is so neatly compos'd,  
 As if they'd been formed in Wax ;  
 Her fine set of Teeth are all so compleat,  
 And her Joak as white as Flax.

Her Cheeks are as red as a Rose,  
 Like a Goddess she moves as she goes ;  
 Her Waist is a Span ; O she's fit for a Man,  
 With unkindness none can her tax ;  
 She is jolly and free in ev'ry degree,  
 And her Joak is as white as Flax.

She's a Girl of a middling size ;  
 She's every thing that a Woman can bring,  
 Yet she is none of those common Cracks ;  
 Get her once in the mind, she is free and kind,  
 And her Joak is as white as the Flax.

*A new Song, sung by Mrs. Mounfort, at the New  
 Theatre in Goodman's-Fields.*

**A**S down in a meadow one morning I pass,  
 O there I beheld a beautiful Lass ;  
 Her age I am sure it was scarce fifteen,  
 And she on her Head wore a Garland of green ;  
 Her Lips were like Rubies, and as for her Eyes,  
 They sparkled like Diamonds, or Stars in the Skies,  
 And as for her Voice it was charming and clear,  
 And she sung a Song for the Loss of her Dear.

Why does my Love Billy prove false and unkind ?  
 Or why is he wavering just like the Wind ?  
 From one that is constant in every degree,  
 O why will he change to another from me ?  
 Or why does he love for to torture me so,  
 And take such delight in my sad Overthrow ?  
 For Susan did always prove true to her Trust,  
 I am sorry that Billy should prove so unjust.

The many sweet Hours we have past away,  
 In the meadows and fields, where we us'd to make hay.

Oh how he would sigh and lay on my Breast,  
 And swear that without me he never could rest;  
 And when he came home from the harrow and plow  
 I milked him Sillibubs under my Cow;  
 O then I was kissed, and sat on his Knee,  
 No Man in the world was so loving as he.

But now he has left me, for *Nancy* the fair  
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts, and his care:  
 'Tis her now he kisses, and sets on his Knee,  
 And tells her fine Tales he once told to me;  
 But if she believes him, the false hearted Swain,  
 Will leave her, and she like me may complain;  
 There's nothing more certain, believe si-ly *Sue*,  
 A Man that's once false will never be true.

She finish'd her Song, and rose up to be gone,  
 And strait she was met by jolly young *John*,  
 He swore that he lov'd her as dear as his Life,  
 And begg'd for a Proffer to make her his Wife;  
 She quickly consented, to Church then they went,  
 Young *Billy's* forgotten, and *Susan's* content:  
 Most men are like *Billy*, and women like *Sue*,  
 Since men are so false, why should women be true.

*The Maid's Black Joak made White.*

**Y**OU jolly young Fellows that love the Game  
 Of *Venus*, let's trip it to *Drury Lane*,  
 For there is Pleasure and Pastime now;  
 There we'll have a Lass with a Coal black Eye,  
 That will go the Game as willing as I,  
 And got a Belly as soft as Silk,  
 And will give us Pleasure enough for our Chink,  
 For that is the Girl that we do crave.

'Tis holiday Time, so we'll booze it away,  
 So call in the Scraper, and let him play,  
 That *Jenny* and I together may dance;  
 We'll kiss all the Day, and caress all the Night,  
 And sport in the Arms of my Joy and delight,  
 For there's nothing so free as a Girl of the Town,  
 That to your desire will quickly lie down,  
 With her pretty Joak as white as Flax,

But

But now I will tell you of one of the Game,  
 Whose Name is *Puppi*, and plies in *Drury-Lane*,  
 That has got a Joak as white as Flax :

She instantly struck my Soul with surprize ;  
 My Flesh it did tremble, I long'd to be at her,  
 But when it was over, O curse her and rot her,  
 She fir'd me well, and then gave me the Pox.

When we met together, the Bargain was so,  
 That I half a Crown on the Punk should bestow ;  
 But as I had it, she found it was Lead,  
 She nothing did say, but she tipt me the Nag,  
 And a Guinea she took, which was all that I had ;  
 Then she laught for to think how the Biter was bit,  
 And the next morning I missed my Chink,  
 So I paid for her Joak that was as white as Flax.

Now I'll have a Lass that is bonny and free,  
 To feel of her Joak above her white Knee,  
 And will take no money, but do it for love ;  
 Then I can sport again without fear or pain,  
 When its over she goes for a Maid again,  
 For her Joak it is clean, and her Breath it is sweet,  
 Her Thighs they are soft, and her Charms are compleat,  
 Now that is the Girl that ought to be priz'd.

No Pleasure in Life can compare to this,  
 We revel and dance, we sport and kiss,  
 We work hard all day, and when we are done,  
 Away to our Lasses we do run ; [Joak  
 Then we with their Charms, and their pretty white  
 We hug and we squeeze, and we give them a Stroke,  
 So that is the Life that we do lead.

If we happen to be in the Battle of *Mars*,  
 When the Fight it is over, that we should be fear'd  
 To go to a Doctor, and there we are heal'd ;  
 Then we venture again like brave valiant Hearts,  
 Tho' we're sure to be beat, yet we never start ;  
 We'll fight while we can, and when it is o'er,  
 We'll slump at the B--es, what can we do more ?  
 And settle their Joaks as white as Flax.